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By
TEX RICKARD

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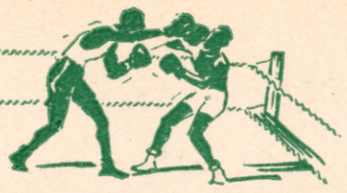

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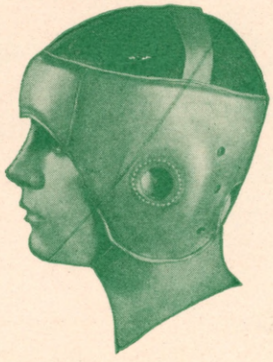

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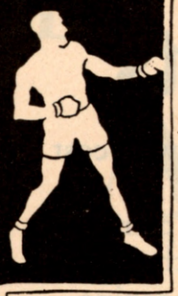

World's Foremost

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PR

The Ring **is a magazine which a man can take home with him. He can leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 15 cents.

The Ring Goes to 20 Cents

BEGINNING with the next issue, the November number, The Ring will cost 20 cents.

The increase of five cents is forced by the mounting costs of paper, printing and ink as well as editorial material. The additional nickel will permit the publisher to make further improvements in the contents and style of this magazine.

The increase to 20 cents had been contemplated for some months, but the publisher held back as long as he possibly could. He takes this action finally with the feeling that readers of The Ring will recognize the fact that the steady growth of the magazine in the calibre of its material, its editorial matter and art, has not been achieved without a steadily mounting cost.

The publisher hopes that the increase will be received in the proper spirit by the readers of The Ring,—that old friends of the magazine will stick by it and that new ones will be attracted.

The publisher feels that this is an appropriate time and place to let the readers in on a little family secret.

If the columns of The Ring were opened to a certain type of advertising which is of questionable taste, but yet finds room in many other publications, there would be no need to increase the price. The revenue from this type of advertising would be enormous.

But the publisher has held steadfast to the decision that there shall be not one line of objectionable matter in The Ring, no matter what the financial sacrifice.

The publisher of The Ring is turning down thousands of dollars each year in order that you may be able to take this magazine into your home, that you may give The Ring to your wife or your sweetheart or your daughter,—in order that your growing son may be able to go through the magazine from cover to cover without the chance that he will read one line which you would not want him to read.

With that before the public, the publisher is certain that the increase will make firmer friends, and strengthen the bond between The Ring and its thousands of readers all over the world.

Until December 15 at noon, all subscriptions for The Ring will be received at the old rate of $1.50 per year in the U. S.; $1.75 in Canada, and $2.00 in foreign countries.

On December 15, after the time limit, the price will go to $2.00 per year in the U. S.; $2.25 in Canada, and $2.50 foreign.

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NAT FLEISCHER, *Publisher and Editor, The Ring*

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TEX RICKARD LONGS *for* ANOTHER Dempsey

By NAT FLEISCHER

TEX RICKARD had just returned from a fishing trip with Rex Beach, the famous novelist, and "Roxy" Rothafel, a few days after the Tunney-Heeney bout and was feeling in fine fettle. The rest, following the headache produced by a loss of $200,000 in the promotion of the championship bout, did Tex a world of good. He entered his Garden office where a score or more of newspaper men were gathered, and, immediately became a target for a million queries.

"Tex, is the day of the million dollar gate a thing of the past?"

"Will Dempsey attempt another comeback?"

"When will you start the next elimination series?"

"Who was the greatest heavyweight of modern times?"

"Who was your favorite fighter?"

Tex was smiling because Gene Tunney had just announced his retirement and with that, had automatically thrown into Tex's hands thirty times what Rickard had lost on the championship venture.

Why? Because Rickard is a showman. He knows how to lead the public on. He knows how to stage big sporting ventures and he knew that just so long as he had Gene Tunney in the field, the chances of gathering in the shekels were slim.

Now things have changed. Ten elimination bouts, the infusion of foreign fighters and then a final match would gross a gate of three millions. Rickard fell in a soft spot when Tunney abdicated, and made Tex the custodian of a world's heavyweight championship trophy.

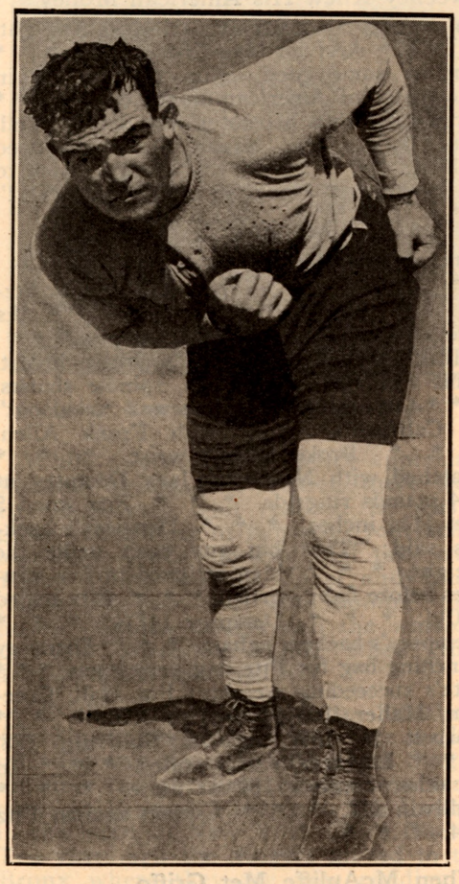
RICKARD is the source of boxing news in New York and for that matter, the world, and with Rickard gone, the columns of the boxing scribes were dull for more than a week. Now he was back and the boys were eager for something new and here was the man from whom this something could be obtained.

There was a little joshing on that $200,000 loss then a little more on Tunney's retirement until finally the boys got Tex in proper humor and he became reminiscent.

"Come on now, Tex. Let's have it. Who is your favorite fighter," I asked of the world's greatest promoter.

"Well, I'll tell you," shot back Rickard. "There are two fighters I always have a spot in my heart for—Jack Dempsey and Jim Jeffries. Give me two like them now, and I'll show you how I'll draw the match of my dreams, a $5,000,000 gate. Yes, $5,000,000. The greatest attraction the world has ever seen, that's what I'd call such a contest.

"Just think of it! I've promoted eight world's heavyweight championship fights and of these, Dempsey participated in seven—and played to almost $8,880,000. Marvelous isn't it? Show me another man in any line of work, that could duplicate that feat..



James J. Jefferies and his famous crouch.

"My first venture with heavyweights was the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno on July 4, 1910, and my receipts were $270,755.

"Next, nine years later, I promoted the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo, and there my receipts were $452,522. I made only about $40,000 profit then.

"Dempsey and Brennan in the old Garden netter a gross of about $200,000. Then followed the famous bout with Carpentier which brought in $1,625,580 and a paid crowd of 90,000. The Dempsey-Firpo thriller took in $1,177,404, the high water mark for this state.

"On September 26, 1927, at the Sesqui Stadium of Philadelphia I set a world's record with $1,900,000 and followed that with a new high mark at Soldiers' Field in Chicago, the second Tunney-Dempsey bout, with $2,658,660. Summing up, my six matches in which Dempsey was a participant, brought in $8,015,166 and Jack Dempsey was the magnet.

"Do you wonder why I long for another Jack Dempsey? If Jack would train faithfully I'm sure he could make another try to regain his laurels and what a magnet he would be! I could afford to give him $1,000,000 guarantee for a comeback, and still make $600,000 profit on the attraction, but unfortunately he won't come back. He is through and his loss to me personally may be counted into seven figures."

HERE Tex was interrupted with the query:

"Do you think Jeff could have whipped Dempsey?"

"Hard to say," was Tex's reply. Both were great fighters. The greatest of all time. I think Dempsey was the more crushing puncher, but there never lived a heavyweight who could punch like Jeffries. Bob Fitzsimmons was the greatest fighter of his weight we ever had, but Bob couldn't down Jeff and Bob couldn't sink 'em in like Dempsey.

"You fellows have seen Dempsey in action. You know he had that winding way of fighting and the crouch that kept his opponents from hitting him much. Yet Jack was a cinch to hit compared to Jeffries.

"He fought from a crouch, a more difficult position than Dempsey assumed, and what a time his opponents had to reach a vital spot."

With that, Tex arose from his chair, walked to the center of the room, and with the newspaper boys as his spectators, he demonstrated Jeff's famous crouch.

Not content with this exhibition, Tex, full of enthusiasm through the mere mention of the names of Jeffries and Dempsey, got back into his chair, raised his feet on one of the draws of his desk, tipped his cigar and with a broad grin, resumed his talk on Jeff's prowess.

"You know, funny thing this fight game. Every time a fellow comes out of the bushes and gains a reputation, a million men claim to have discovered him, but if he remains a paluka, no one will take credit for keeping him down.

"Likewise with the fighters who have peculiar stances. I read an article by Daniel

(*Continued on page* 23)

The Fistic Old Timer Recollects When,—

By Charles F. Mathison

FAMOUS ALIBIS * * * Christmas afternoon, 1896. * * * Coney Island A. C. Two feet of snow on ground. * * * Steve O'Donnell vs. Peter Maher. * * * O'Donnell could outbox Corbett * * * IN GYMNASIUM. John P. Dunn, Master of Ceremonies. * * * "ORDER PLEASE." Bell for first round. * * * Maher advances, giving O'Donnell vicious look. * * * O'Donnell seized with congestive chill, backs away. * * * Maher follows, shoots right to jaw. * * * O'Donnell counted out, thirty seconds. * * * After regaining consciousness and dressing, O'Donnell, standing on Hotel Sagamore steps, overcoat collar turned up. * * * Query: "Why didn't you do some fighting?" * * * Answer: "The divil didn't give me a CHANCE TO GET STARTED!" * * *

* * *

When Carpentier Stopped Beckett

HOLBORN STADIUM, London, England, Dec. 4, 1919. * * * Joe Beckett vs. Georges Carpentier. * * * Attendance reminded of first night Metropolitan Opera House. * * * Silks, satins, diamonds, men in evening dress. * * * Tunney should have been in ring. * * * Prince of Wales ringside, smoking perfecto. * * * Carp smiling sweetly, Beckett with scared look. * * * Much sparring, little hitting. * * * Beckett tapping canvas with foot, finds soft spot. * * * Carp shoots right, Beckett counted out. * * * Fifty-seven seconds. Not a murmur from crowd. * * * Arose sadly and filed out silently. * * * Next day: Query to Beckett: "Why didn't you do some punching?" * * * Reply: "Blime, I WAS JUST FILLING IN." * * * He was waiting for the fight to begin! * * *

* * *

McGovern Lost No Time

TUCKAHOE, Sept. 12, 1899.—McGovern vs. Palmer, England's "Box of Tricks." * * * Two men enter box. Make a bet. One fishes $20 gold coin. * * * Slips from fingers and rolls into crack. * * * Owner stoops over to regain coin. * * * As he gets it and straightens up, referee was just raising McGovern's glove as winner. * * * Time about two minutes. * * * Query to Palmer: "Why didn't you box him?"* * * Answer: "It wasn't McGovern that 'it me; it was some blighter houtside the ring that 'it me with a blackjack." * * *

* * *

These Titles Didn't Stick

GIFT TITLES, which failed to stick: * * * 1905, Jeff decided to retire. * * * "What'll I do with the championship?" he inquired with a look of perturbation on his intellectual countenance. * * * "Toss it to one of the boys," suggested a passerby. * * * "Never thought of that," said Jeff. * * * "Hey, Marvin, you're the champ." * * * Then came the ballyhoo for Marvin Hart, the new "champ." * * * The reaction was raucous laughter on the part of Tommy Burns, George Gardner, Phila Jack O'Brien, Mike Schreck, and others. * * * Jeff's goat suffered, and he said: "Hey, Marvin, I was only joking about the title." * * * Whereupon, Tommy Burns proceeded to give Hart an artistic trimming. * * * "Who's the champ now?" queried Burns. * * * Mike Schreck stopped Hart twice, once in 21 rounds, once in 4 rounds. * * * Title didn't stick. * * *

* * *

Sweeney Knew His American Money

PATSY SWEENEY, Irish lightweight. * * * Arrived New York, 1897. * * * Put up some good fights. * * * Shy in knowledge of American money values. * * * Arguing with a promoter who said: "Well, here is my final offer: Eleven hundred dollars." * * * Sweeney: "I won't listen to it. Not a cent less than a THOUSAND!" * * *

* * *

Fitz Arrived Here

TIME 1891. * * * First view of Bob Fitzsimmons. * * * I wrote this: "Looks like a doughnut stuck on a hairpin. * * * "Head like a cocoanut. Shoulders, breast, arms like Hercules. Legs, spindle shanks. * * * On arrival in Frisco was "tried out" in California A. C. with Frank Allen. * * * Broke Allen's wrist. * * * Matched with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at 154 pounds ringside. * * * Fitz stood 5 feet 11¾ inches. * * * Dempsey's backers said: "That big guy can't make the weight. * * * Men weighed in five minutes before fight started. * * * Fitz scaled 150½. * * * Dempsey 147½. * * * Dempsey's backers aghast. * * * Dempsey punching bag for Fitz, but very game. * * * Fitz's succeeding weights: For Hall, Creedon, Maher, 163½; Corbett 165. * * * Corbett in 1892 against Sullivan, 178. * * * Lightest he ever scaled. * * * In all other contests 180 or more. * * * Sullivan 212. * * * Corbett against Fitz 184. * * *

* * *

When McAuliffe Met Griffo

TIME Aug. 27, 1894. * * * Seaside A. C., Coney Island, foot West Eighth Street. * * * Jack McAuliffe, 145 pound lightweight champion. Opponent, Young Griffo, 130 pound featherweight. * * * Marvelous boxer. * * * Usual training consisted of haircut and shave. * * * McAuliffe equally careless. * * * Had in his corner washtub full of assorted liquors. * * * Took refreshing swigs between rounds. bout limited to ten rounds. * * * Griffo landed 436 jabs on Mac's beezer, 376 uppercuts on Mac's maxillary department, 287 right hooks on champs alcoholic storage quarters. * * * Numerous assortment of other wallops to various parts of the defending champion's anatomy. * * * Mac swung some eleven hundred blows at the spot where he thought Griffo was standing. * * * Griff not there to meet the blows. * * * Referee declared Mac winner on points. * * * Explained later on that he made the mistake of putting all Griffo's points under McAuliffe's name. * * *

* * *

When Gans Joshed Memsic

TIME, 1906. * * * Gans outpointed in crap game by friend named George Memsic. * * * "You're better man than me," said Gans. "I give you the title. * * * Memsic had cards printed, "lightweight champion." I only mean't craps," smiled Joe. * * * Time 1900. * * * McGovern grown out of bantam class. * * * Called Danny Dougherty, sparring partner. * * * "The title is yours, Danny," said McGovern. * * * "Not so you could notice it," said Harry Forbes, as he smacked Danny on chin for a K. O. * * * Many other instances of generous champs "giving" titles to friends. None stuck! * * *

* * *

Corbett Got $2,500 for Jackson Bout

TIME 1891. Incidents showing how the old time promoters did NOT pay boxers with the promptitude and completeness of Rickard, Fugazy and other club owners due to wise commission rule. * * * Case No. 1. * * * Corbett vs. Peter Jackson. * * * California A. C., May 21, 1891. * * * Boxers promised purse of $10,000. * * * $8,500 to winner, $1,500 to loser. * * * Both men clever boxers, no equals at the time. * * * Little damage done. * * * * * * Small attendance. * * * Purse not taken in at gate. * * * 61st round ended with both on feet. Club owners get bright idea. * * * Ordered referee to call bout "no contest." * * * Then cut the purse in half, giving each fighter $2,500. * * * A bit different from Rickard footing a deficit of $155,000 in the Tunney-Heeney affair. * * *

* * *

How Things Used to Be Done

TIME 1893. March 8. * * * Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall fighting for the middleweight championship. * * * Fitz scaling 163½, and Hall 167½. * * * Same title Fitz won from Dempsey at 154 ringside. * * * Crescent City A. C. offered purse of $40,000, largest offered for any fight up to that time. * * * No record of any deposits by either the club or the fighters. * * * Hall and his crowd bet on Fitz to win. * * * To make sure of it Hall dropped his guard so Fitz could nail him. * * * Fitz did so in the 4th round. * * * Crescent Club "settled up" by informing Fitz that they were just out of cash. * * * Gave him a check. * * * No funds. * * * Finally compromised by handing over $6,000 or $7,000.

Another Abe Attell Discovered in New York's Ghetto

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

BENNY LEONARDS and Abe Attells are not easy to find. Right now Tex Rickard would give his right leg to lay hands on another Jack Dempsey. When "Bennah" hung up his gloves the lightweight division went static. There hasn't been a great featherweight king since the halcyon days of the cool, calculating, sharpshooting Attell.

The nearest approach to Attell, who was the last word in boxing wizardry and clean hitting is little Al Singer, sensational Bronx, New York featherweight. He is a fine upstanding fighter, a picture to watch in action, and a boy who knows when and how to hit. He seldom wastes a punch.

Like Attell, Singer has loads of ring brains, the most wonderful requisite in the manly art of self defense. Attell was cunning, could carry an opponent and all that. Singer has the cunning trait but he goes in there to do or die. Because of his skillfulness and attack under fire, the young Hebrew has acquired a following that ranks on a par with the crowds that used to turn out to see Leonard, root against Leach Cross and pray for Sid Terris.

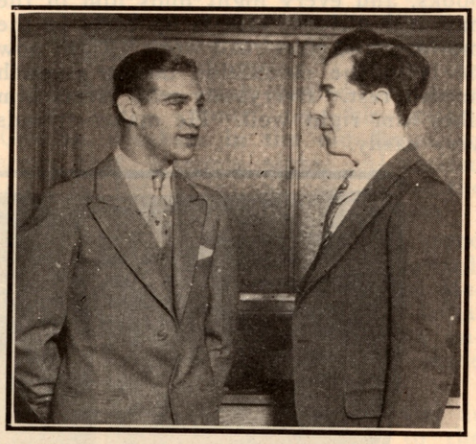
In twenty-two starts in the professional ranks Singer has tasted defeat but twice, but like the real good scrapper he is, Singer later turned the tables on his erstwhile conquerors. As this edition of THE RING is rushing to press, Singer fought Vic Burrone six rounds at the St. Nicholas Rink, and made his debut over a route, eight rounds, against Tony Pellegrino in Madison Square Garden, semi-final to the featherweight titular duel between Tony Conzoneri and Andre Routis.

WHILE experts and fans alike are singing the praises of the doughty warrior, the time is appropriate to say a few kind words for his able pilot, Hymie Caplan. He is absolutely responsible for the youngster's rapid rise. He has nursed him along like a mother would her child, and it is not splitting adjectives or going half cocked to state that Caplan will drive Singer to the top rung of the featherweight championship ladder ere long. Another six months and Hymie will have the kid ready for the supreme test.

When Terris was sold down the river by his brother Dan, Hymie was brokenhearted. He discovered Sid in the Rutgers Gymnasium on New York's lower east side, and for five years slaved to make a champion of him. He trained and conditioned Sid for his most important battles. While Daniel Caplan made the matches, Hymie was to be found in the gymnasium tending to a hundred and odd details preparatory to battle. From morn to sundown, Hymie used to instill in Terris' mind that clean living and hard training were mandatory to success and Sid obeyed.

When Terris learned a few weeks ago that Hymie had finally gotten a break, to use a cauliflower expression, he up and said: "Singer couldn't be in better hands." Although not on speaking terms Hymie treasures Sid's swell boost.

Hymie has another corking featherweight prospect in Jackie Schweitzer, who is unbeaten in twenty-five fights. Gold is beginning to pour in Caplan's coffers, and today he has the laugh on many so-called "pals," who figured he was through when Terris passed from brother Dan to another manager.



Hymie Kaplan (left) and Al Singer.

While a great many didn't appreciate Hymie's ability as a trainer, there were two managers who realized he was a great conditioner of fighters. Joe Jacobs and Billy McCarney had him take over Harry Felix, Sammy Vogel and Eddie (Kid) Wagner for conditioning purposes. Caplan always had the warriors in the proverbial pink when they answered the first bell.

AS this story happens to be about Singer, we'll return to where we left off. He was christened Abraham Singer. He first saw the light of day in a tenement on Broome Street near the Bowery in the heart of New York City's Ghetto. Ten years ago the Singers moved to the Bronx where they are now residing at No. 85 Thayer Street. Although Al subscribes to 21, he belies his age. He looks 17 or 18 years of age at most. His family includes his mother and father, three brothers, a sister and a flock of first and second cousins.

He has an uncle, Dr. Charles Singer, who has made a fortune in dentistry on Grand Street. He will not go to see his nephew perform, although he is a rabid fan, and he makes a mess of things in the house while listening to the returns via the radio. A first cousin, Dr. Peter Mougul, bets on every one of Al's fights. He figures the day is not distant when he will pull down the old shingle and just make a living wagering on Al to bring home the "bacon." Another cousin Ralph is in a vaudeville act with Roscoe Ails.

Another interesting sidelight on Singer before we go into his pugilistic career proper, is the fact that all of the 250 hackmen on Prospect and Longwood avenues, The Bronx, which is as busy a traffic spot as Times Square, go on "strike" every night he fights. In other words, they buy a section of seats at any club he performs and then taxicab themselves to the battleground going first cabin all the way.

SINGER won ten fights as an amateur when a kind friend delivered him to Caplan. "There's a champ in the making," he advised, "now it's up to you to develop him." Hymie took one look at him in his street clothes and signed him to a five-year contract. Because of his youth and the fact that he was green in so far as the finer points of boxing were concerned, Hymie decided to nurse him along for a few months. Hymie waved a magic wand over the kid, for in his next five starts in A. A. U. competition Al scored as many knock outs, winding up by winning the Metropolitan championship. He represented the National Vaudeville Artists. He started boxing weighing 100 pounds. Today Singer scales between 124 and 126.

After graduating from public school pop Singer had him take a course of Blackstone at Morris High where he excelled in athletics, principally basketball. How he acquired his boxing skill no one will ever know. Al believes it came to him natural. There were no other fighters in the Singer family, and as far back as his dad can remember, no one in the family ever went to see a fight, let alone put up his "dukes" for the edification of the populace. Al as a schoolboy was not much on street fighting for the good reason that he never got into any of those common street brawls.

"I hadn't made up my mind what vocation to follow when my fighting career began," confessed Al to the writer the other day. "Perhaps when I'm through I may resume studying law, but that is problematical. I'll not worry about a business career until after I have hung up my gloves. It may take another five years before I'll spar for an opening in the business world."

ABOUT a year and a half ago Hymie decided to use the kid on big time. He went stark mad on Al's ability from the little he saw of him in his amateur performance.

"I went to brother Dan and told him I had a champion in the making," Hymie recalled. He couldn't or wouldn't believe me. So I invited him to sit in at

Al's pro debut against Joe Barbera. Well, sir, you should have seen that fight. Barbera had a little more experience and he all but knocked out Al. He gave the kid a terrible beating. In the third round he spun Al on his head with a terrific right on the jaw. I thought he was gone. Dan almost fainted.

"Then what do you think happened? Al came out winging in the fourth, and he almost chased Barbera over the top rope. I was tickled pink. Dan then said: 'Hymie, he's a peach. He showed he had plenty of guts and if you nurse or rate him along easy for a few weeks he'll surely make his mark.' I figured the same thing.

"When they met again Al gave Barbera a licking that he will never forget. The only other fight Singer lost was to Georgie Goldberg, but it was a shame the way the decision went. I'll admit Barbera beat him in their first fight, but as long as I live, I will insist the officials erred in the Goldberg engagement. It makes no difference because when they clashed again Al proved his superiority by belting the daylights out of him."

The Barbera trimming did not discourage Singer. In his second professional encounter he knocked off Tommy Reilly in two heats. He whipped Joe Salamone. Tommy Rivetti bowed to his fistic supremacy and he beat Murray Fuchs twice handsrunning. Harry Traub lasted two and then he went on to whip Herman Wallace, Joey Katkish and Sammy Chernoff. The rough, tough Georgie Nickfor was bowled over in three rounds.

We sat in the night Singer fought Georgie Mack at the St. Nicks. A bumper crowd turned out to see Al in his acid test engagement. It was a torrid six rounds every second of the way. In the early milling Mack unintentionally fouled his man but Singer refused to accept victory this way. In spite of pains in the groin Al went on to win meritoriously. It was a whale of a scrap.

THEY picked another tough 'un for Al in the veteran Lew Hurley. Singer beat him and then kayoed one Sonny Parsons in two stanzas. Petey Mack, Georgie's brother, met him twice, losing one and holding Al to a draw in a return match. He polished off Pancho Dencio in four and celebrated his first appearance in Madison Square Garden by knocking off Tommy Gervel. Singer whipped Tony Pellegrino.

In his very last start at the Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, Al gave the crowd a flock of thrills by the skillful manner in which he polished off "Smiling" Springer in four rounds. It was in this fight that Singer impressed the writer as a second edition of Attell. He stands up straight, rolls with punches, drives in the right with plenty of force behind it to the heart, and his left is about the most tantalizing southpaw delivery we have ever seen in action.

It's worth the price of admission alone to see the tall, well built youngster make the opposition look like so much deadwood. If he happens to be in the mood he'll take a few punches just to encourage his opponent, but the moment said opponent gets too fresh he puts him back in his place with an assortment of left jabs to the face and short right hooks to the body.

Caplan states Singer is an apt pupil and drinks in his every word. "I'm like a father to him," admitted Hymie after the Springer victory. "He listens to no one but me. If his dad tells him, or at least advises him about something or other, he tells him that he has a manager and that I am the big cheese. All I tell him to do is to live clean, train hard and listen to me. That I believe helped Terris to almost reach the top. He used to follow my advice.

"PERSONALLY, Al is a great little fellow. All he cares about is playing basketball and going to the movies. He very seldom takes in a fight. He also likes to row. He has a swell disposition He hasn't a swell head and I believe he'll never have one. I've told him of many famous fighters who went all to the dogs because they wouldn't listen. Bad behavior and bad company ruined many prospects.

"Singer seems to know all about that. He is a studious kid, likes to read clean books, and every night finds him in the hay at 9 o'clock. He is up early in the morning and likes road work. Right now he is in the mountains taking a much needed rest. Everybody who meets him likes him right well. He makes friends very easily.

"I am very much indebted to the painstaking aid given me by my pal Joe (Yussel) Levy. When things were dark he was the only person to stick by me. He helps me in many ways."

When a schoolboy, Benny Leonard was Singer's idol. He used to run errands when his father had a prosperous dress goods business. His "hangout" on the lower east side, meaning where he likes to meet his pals, is situated on Norfolk and Delancey streets.

His mother has no objection to her son's fighting for a living. "He knows what's best for him," she dismissed the subject. "I pray for him when he fights and thus far my prayers have been rewarded. He is a wonderful son and he deserves all the luck in the world."

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Those Surprise Packages Respect No Titles

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

BOXING is a funny game, isn't it? Baseball writers are fond of quoting Harry Pulliam's famous slogan, "Take nothing for granted in baseball." But it seems to be just as true in boxing. Take nothing for granted in fisticuffs.

There's the recent bout between Joe Dundee, world's welterweight champion, and Jack Thompson, the negro, for example. Dundee was a strong favorite. The negro had some followers, but the fact remained that Thompson had been beaten by Young Corbett 2nd, the new contender beyond the Sierras.

Joe Dundee Gets a Dandy Surprise from Jack Thompson

Dundee must have had a premonition, for he refused to put the title at stake. He insisted that it be announced that Thompson had come in at 148½ pounds and, of course, had forfeited any chance to gain the world laurels.

What happened? The top heavy favorite took a terrific plastering in two short rounds and was counted out. The welterweight champion of the world got a beating before he could get started, and now the negroes of America glory in their possession of another of those unofficial world champions. Of course, Thompson is not the champion.

Dundee still is the recognized world titleholder, regardless of the knockout. But it proved once more that just when you get set for one thing in boxing you are quite likely to see something entirely different.

Dundee has had some poignant experiences and it behooves him to fight three or four rounds in the dressing-room so that he can get going warmed up. There are certain types which start slowly. They are to be found in all sports, in baseball as well as boxing. Dundee is one of that class. Eddie Roberts showed that and Thompson stressed the fact.

* * *

THOMPSON'S triumph over the champion has sent folks into all sorts of ecstasies over the fistic ability of the negro. Similar eulogiums were broadcast about Eddie Roberts when he flattened Joe.

But Roberts soon proved that he was just a fistic plodder, and not in Dundee's class. It might be a good idea to hold back a while on Thompson and determine if he isn't another Roberts.

From all accounts Thompson has class. But one knockout does not make a star.

SURPRISE packages have been handed out oft and anon in the ring. Remember the night Al McCoy, an awkward southpaw, knocked out George Chip in Brooklyn and grabbed the world's middleweight title.

McCoy had no real class. In fact, it was quite the thing to refer to Al as a "cheese champion." But he certainly clouted Mr. Chipulonis on his classic Grecian whiskers in the old Broadway arena that Winter's night. Al started one from the canvas and even flicked the rosin as he skimmed the ring surface.

Al McCoy handed George Chip a Neat Package

Chip, who saw the blow coming, stood as if transfixed. He was hypnotized, almost paralyzed. The very idea that McCoy could organize a punch of the lethal power which was jammed into the impending doom socker must have made Chip motionless.

At any rate, the clout landed and as Chip went down, McCoy rose to the amazing stature of a champion. The world would not believe it, but Al certainly won the title that night.

Later Chip gave McCoy a lacing. But he did not have as soft a time as he had expected. There were no decisions in New York at that time, so McCoy held the title, to lose it eventually to Mike O'Dowd.

* * *

MR. Chip pulled something of a surprise himself when he took the middleweight title from Frank Klaus.

As a matter of cold fact, it was not an upset as Klaus had burned himself with soft living in that gay Paree.

But Frank was an overwhelming favorite over Chip, then an a comparatively unknown Greek miner in Penn sylvania.

Chip won not only once but twice over Klaus, who soon faded out of a picture in which he had promised to stand out as a truly great fighter.

* * *

THE element of surprise is no respecter of persons and skill and titles in the ring. Take the case of Abe Attell, in his heydey as featherweight champion. Abie was clever—at times, too clever. How he could box! And how he could hit, too! Well, if you know anything at all about boxers and boxing, you know all about Abe Attell of his prime.

Well, one night Abie ran into Tony Bender, a rough and tough hombre who made Elizabeth, N. J., his headquarters.

When Tony Bender Socked Attell for Long Count

Tony had no psychology. He knew nothing about inferiority complexes. He knew that unless he got busy early he would be cut to ribbons by the able Abie.

So Tony took time and skill by the forelock. He plastered Mr. Attell and Mr. Attell went down for a count which made that long spell of Tunney's in Chicago seem like a second.

The count was tolled over Mr. Attell with an hour glass that was slow.

Mr. Attell finally lifted the cobwebs from his brain and began to breathe normally. But it was no picnic that night for the champion.

They saved his title and reputation for Abie that night, and the aloes of it sank into his soul.

He begged for another fight with Bender. He got it. They had it out again at Billy Elmer's old place on 23rd Street in New York, and Abie gave Tony one grand walloping. Abie punched and he slid his glove to cut the Italian.

Abie had no mercy in that second fight.

But what a surprise in the first one!

* * *

ATTELL got quite a few surprises and "surprises" in his day. He got one of those from Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, who relieved Abie of the title for a while. He got quite a "surprise" from Knockout Brown in New York, too.

But Abie was a showman. No mistake about that. One of his real surprises came from Jem Driscoll, who showed Attell that he did not know quite everything about boxing.

* * *

OH, there have been surprises galore in boxing. Some of them had additional angles which at times made them funny. There was the fight between Packey McFarland and Kid Burns in New York.

Packey always boasted that he would leave the ring behind him without having got a black eye, let alone a cauliflower ear.

McFarland Got a Black Eye Surprise from Kid Burns

Packey came to New York for some easy money and decided to take on Kid Burns, a tough lad from the West Side. I think it was at the old Fairmont Club.

There was no doubt as to the issue.

(*Continued on page 27*)

Nat Fleischer Says:

Joe Dundee Suffers a Shock
New Interest in Welter Division
Armand Emanuel's Big Error

JOE DUNDEE, regardless of the contention to the contrary of many of the country's leading fistic experts, still is the world's welterweight champion despite his knockout in the second round at the hands of Young Jack Thompson of California. In the eyes of the fight fans of the world, perhaps, Thompson is the real title holder, but in the eyes of the boxing commissions of this country and the Queensberry code, Dundee still retains his crown. In so far as the legality of the thing is concerned, there is no question that Baltimore Joe is the one and only world's welterweight champion.

But this is a good time to have those in whom the power is vested by State legislation to rule over boxing in twenty-nine States of the Union to put a halt once and for all time to the sort of buncombe that enabled Dundee to have his championship through the ruse of "trick" weighing in. It isn't sportsmanship. It isn't for the best interests of the sport which at its best has a horde of enemies ready to take up the cudgels against boxing.

* * *

Product of Frenzied Finance

THE modern era of frenzied finance has produced many peculiar things in the fighting game that are in need of housecleaning. Fighters of the Dundee, Loughran, Canzoneri and Micky Walker type do not need to protect their laurels through unfair means. If they are willing to give an opponent a change to mingle with them in the ring, these title holders should be just as willing to permit such an opponent to come in at a weight which will place the title at stake.

Dundee forced Thompson to make 148½ pounds on the afternoon of the fight, but unfortunately for Dundee, the bout had to be postponed for a day and this gave the negro a chance to reduce and come in at his best fighting weight, 143 pounds. Yet it was not that weight which was recognized as the official one, but the 148½ pounds which Thompson scaled at the time of the official weighing in 24 hours before the fight.

This is not a new practice among champions. Tony Canzoneri forced Harry Blitman to come in over the feather limit and while Harry won, Tony retained his title.

Tod Morgan pulled that stunt with Honey Boy Finnegan and Fidel La Barba worked it twice with Johnny Vacca.

Tommy Loughran pulled it with Armand Emanuel, but as matters turned, Tommy took a needless precaution. He beat Emanuel, albeit Tommy had no picnic.

It is up to the constituted authorities to force champions to defend their titles every time they fight men of their own weight.

* * *

Let's Wait on Thompson

AS for Jack Thompson, who has been called another Joe Gans, a small edition of Jack Johnson, and other fancy names, there is no doubt he is a good fighter, but not yet in the Gans class. Young Corbett, 2nd, of California beat the negro twice and drew with him once. And nobody has called Young Corbett, 2nd, another Fitzsimmons.

The fact is that Dundee sometimes runs afoul of hard luck combined with a hard right. Eddie Roberts smacked Joe on the whiskers just when it looked as if Joe would be the champion. Dundee survived that blow, whipped Roberts, and won the title anyway.

Apparently it behooves Dundee to be a little more careful in the early rounds. He is a slow starter and should be extra cautious about fast starters in the first and second sessions. Yet we must not take any credit away from his conquerer.

* * *

Coast's Aid to Boxing

IT seems strange, that New York, the greatest fight center in the world, has to depend upon outside talent for its greatest thrills, yet such is the case. Every time there is a lull in the boxing game, the Coast comes to the rescue of Father Knickerbocker's promoters and revives the interest in the sport by some sensational feat by one of its boxers.

Two years ago it was Eddie Roberts who stirred New York promoters into action when he knocked out Joe Dundee in one round. Then came Ace Hudkins, and still later, the great little fighting machine, Jimmy McLarnin. Then, just when Jess McMahon, matchmaker for Tex Rickard, and Hubert Fugazy, Tex's leading rival, were wracking their brains for good cards, along comes the startling news from California that a young man named Young Corbett 2nd, knocked out Nick Testo in the fifth round.

This news might not mean anything in the life of a promoter were it not for the fact that Testo ranked among the best welterweights in this country and Rickard had been dickering for a match between him and Jack Hood of London to decide an opponent for Joe Dundee.

Now that Young Corbett has defeated Testo, the Coast lad has become a big drawing card.

* * *

"Pop" Emanuel Managerial Blunder

MICKEY WALKER may yet emulate the great Bob Fitzsimmons by gaining three and possibly four world's championships during his fighting career. Successfully the welterweight and middleweight title holder, the Elizabeth, N. J. lad now looms as the leading contender for the crown which adorns the head of Tommy Loughran and at the pace Mickey is setting, he will be an even money proposition to dethrone Tommy if they clash.

A few months ago in Madison Square Garden Loughran tackled Armand Emanuel and just nosed out his opponent in a hectic affair, and now along comes Mickey Walker, middleweight champion, and knocks Armand out in seven rounds. If Mickey can turn the trick so easily on a fighter who loomed as Loughran's successor, and this same fighter gave Tommy the time of his life to keep in front, the prospects look exceedingly bright for Walker to romp off with the light heavyweight crown and take his place with Ruby Robert as the holder of three championships.

And if Mickey continues to grow and takes proper care of himself, he may yet surprise the world by emerging at the head of the heavyweight division in another two or three years. Mickey stands on the threshhold of another world's championship, his startling knockout of Emanuel being the biggest upset in boxing this year. The Toy Bulldog is travelling like a house afire and it will take more than the present crop of light heavies to check his rise.

Walker's complete mastery of Emanuel, a clever boxer, was nothing short of astounding. He toyed with Armand, finally putting him down for a count of nine in the seventh. Armand arose only to walk into a hefty right that ended the fray.

"Pop" Emanuel, contrary to the advice of such worthies as Tex Rickard, Jim Corbett and Jack Dempsey, took a gamble with Walker for a paltry $10,000 when more than $100,000 stared him and his son in the face had he kept Armand idle until the fall for a campaign that would undoubtedly have gained for Emanuel fame and fortune.

* * *

Roberti May Yet Rise to Heights

HUMBERT FUGAZY, who stages at Ebbets Field, in Brooklyn, is giving the Italians considerable to become enthusiastic over through the medium of Roberto Roberti, whom he is sponsoring in this country.

Although most experts feel that Roberti will not be able to survive the heavyweight elimination tournament because he is still a crude fighter who has much to learn but is too far gone in the game to absorb a new style, the Italians feel otherwise. They point to Roberti as the next heavyweight champion, and have even gone to the extent of putting in a claim with the National Boxing Association for Gene Tunney's crown.

While it is true that the giant foreigner has improved 100 per cent since his arrival in the States, he is not the equal of Jack Sharkey, Johnny Risko, Paulino, Knute Hanson or Tom Heeney. Roberti's victory on a foul over Risko signifies little, although it does complicate the heavyweight situation. In my opinion Risko was leading by three rounds to one for the Italian and the second was even. The officials of the bout, however, had Roberti in the front, Judges Flynn and Joh giving him two rounds each, two even and one to Risko.

Roberti undoubtedly has forced his way into the fistic limelight by that Risko victory and will have to be respected by the rest of the contenders, especially so, because of his huge size. For the benefit of boxing's future, the fight fans are rooting hard for Roberti's success, but whether he will be able to survive against the cream of the division, remains to be seen.

* * *

Glick Forces Way into Limelight

THE defeat of Lope Tenario by Joe Glick, like that of Nick Testo, added considerable interest to boxing at a time when the sport was at a dead standstill. Although the battle was an exceedingly close one and a draw would have done no injustice to either fighter, the fact remains that the judges decided in Glick's favor and thereby placed him in the front ranks as a contender for Sammy Mandell's crown. With Mandell, Jimmy McLarnin, Tenario and Glick bunched, some lively competition in the lightweight ranks is certain.

Bud Taylor Quits as Champion

NOW that Bud Taylor has definitely decided he no longer can make the bantam limit and has retired from the division, fight promoters around the country are working overtime in an effort to get the leading boys lined up for an elimination tournament. Tom McArdle of Madison Square Garden, and Humbert Fugazy are trying to arrange for a bout between "Bushy" Graham and Kid Francis, the winner to be declared the champion, but the National Boxing Board insists that there are others besides these leaders.

Tom Donohue, its chairman, has suggested that Teddy Baldock be imported from England, and these three with Archie Bell and Al Brown be matched in a series to determine the leader. That seems the more sensible suggestion, as Bell, Baldock and Brown certainly figure as highly as Francis and Graham. Personally I don't think Graham can make the weight without injury to himself and rather than see a fighter battle for the title and shortly after, if he wins, quit the division, I would suggest that Graham fight as a feather instead of a bantam.

* * *

Many Good Lightweights

THE lightweight division since the retirement of Benny Leonard, has been composed of men of mediocre calibre. Now, however, it presents more good boys than any other division. From flyweights to heavyweights the good boys, those who appeal to patronage, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Not so, however, with the class over which Leonard once ruled. This class has developed hard sockers, and they are the fellows who draw 'em in at the gate.

The list is headed by a clever champion, in Sammy Mandell, whose wonderful exhibition against the kingpin thumper of the division, Jimmy McLarnin, is a matter of history. Then come McLarnin, Tenario, Joe Glick, Tommy Grogan, Billy Wallace, Manuel Quintero, Stanislau, Loayza, Bruce Flowers, Joey Kaufman, Jackie Fields, Phil McGraw, Baby Joe Gans, Billy Petrolle, King Tut, Louis Kid Kaplan, Eddie Wagner, Jack Berg and, Freddy Muller.

New faces and hard hitters—those are the factors in drawing out the fight followers and veteran matchmakers like Tom McArdle of the Garden, and others are eager to sign such talent. Boys like McLarnin and Grogan are what the fans want most, and present indications point to a lively session this fall and winter with these fellows, Glick, Tenario and Petrolle starring. The recent defeat of Berg, the English lightweight, by Petrolle, makes Billy an outstanding figure as Berg had a fine record up to the time of this setback, in which he was floored ten times and knocked out in the fifth round.

For sockers, the lightweight division has them. The boys of this class are in greater demand now than are the heavyweights.

The RING Goes to the Antarctic With Byrd

THE RING is on its way to the Antarctic. When the City of New York, Commander Byrd's base ship, sailed from New York late in August it carried twenty copies of THE RING, for the entertainment and information of the men who are to fly across the wastes of the frozen Antarctic in the interest of science and the increase of the store of human knowledge.

The he-men who went on the Byrd expedition are lovers of boxing and very much interested in the doings of boxers, present and past. They hailed THE RING as a most welcome addition to the huge store of printed matter which they took with them for the long, dark nights down there.

A few copies of THE RING will be left with other mementos of the visit of the Byrd expedition. Perhaps in years to come these will be found by other expedition, who will read why Gene Tunney retired from the ring and gave up the heavyweight title.

Leonard or Gans?

WHO was the cleverest lightweight of all time? Was it Benny Leonard? Was it Joe Gans, the elusive negro?

Whenever and wherever followers of the socking science get together this topic invariably will arise.

Gans could beat men who would have been tough for Leonard, and Benny could beat boxers who might have given Gans more than enough.

Behind it all lies the fact that Gans rarely could get into real condition while Leonard never went into the ring without being fit as a fiddle.

Let the talk go on. Perhaps THE RING will thresh it out with a symposium of qualified opinion in the near future.

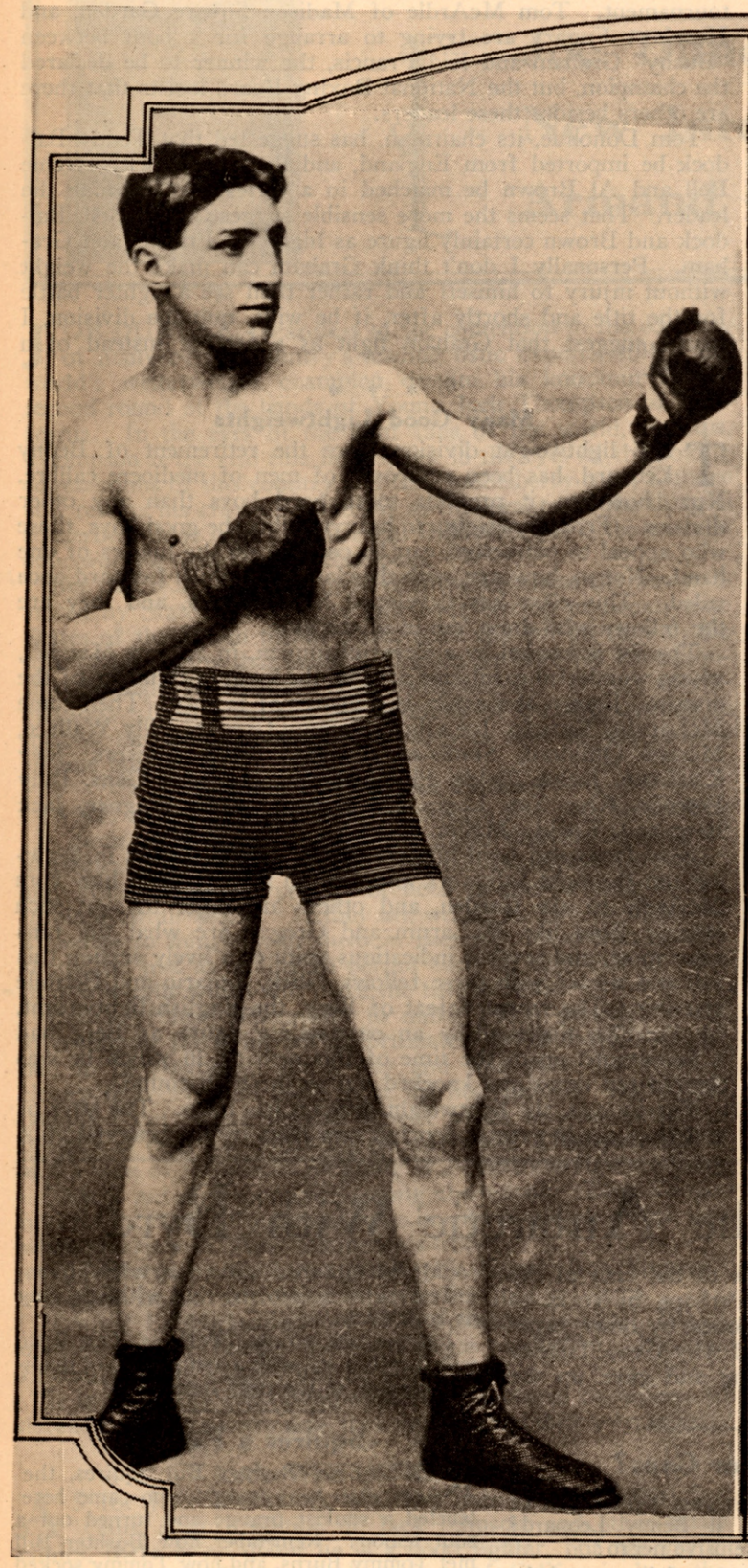
Squires a Farmer

REMEMBER Boshter Bill Squires, the Australian heavyweight who came here labeled a sunkist orange and turned out a sour lemon? Remember how Boshter Bill met Tommy Burns, and how Tommy socked Boshter Bill just once in the opening round, and how Boshter Bill went down and out and had to be collected in a cigar box?

Well, Boshter Bill has gone in for farming. He has quite a place Down Under, and raises everything except lemons.

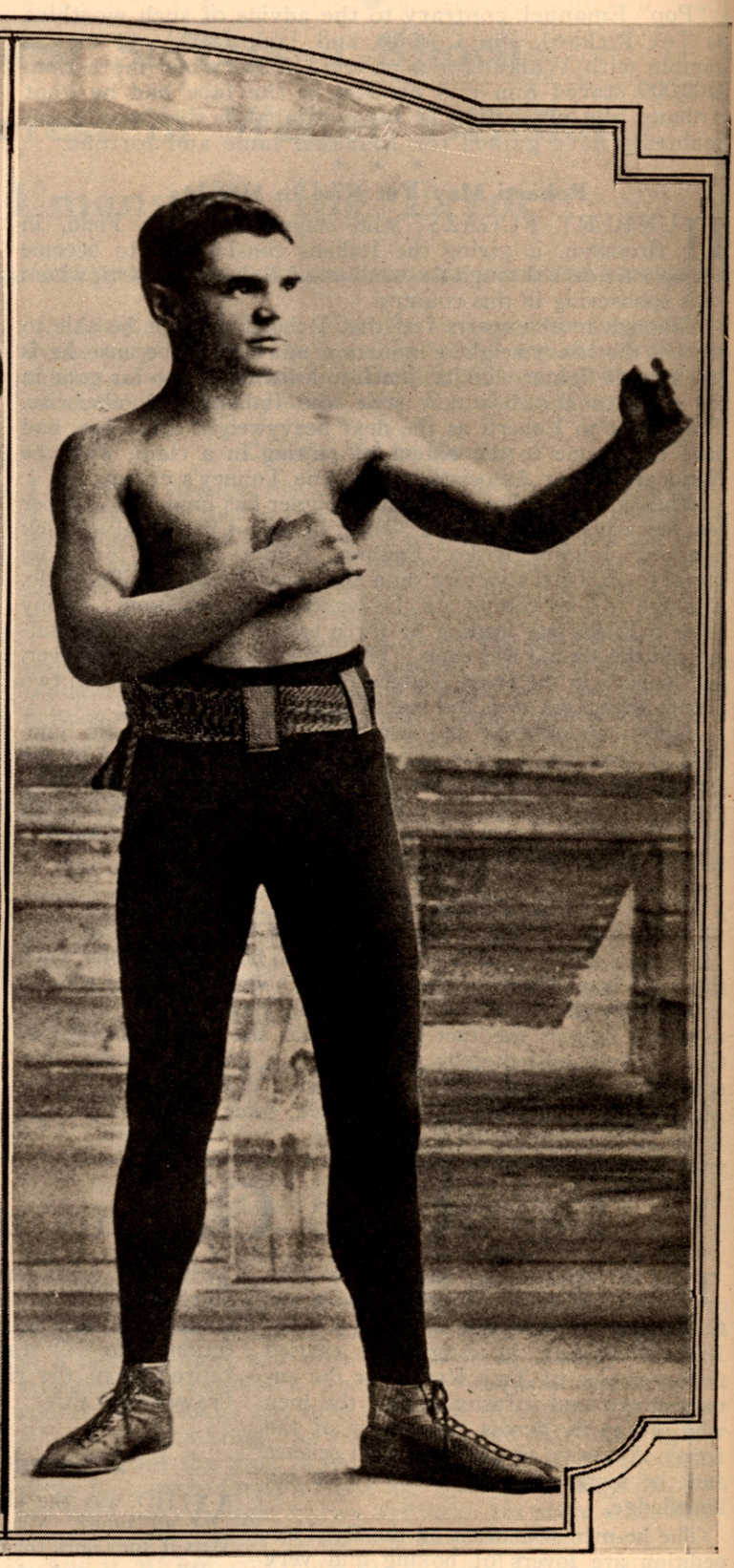
Squires dislikes lemons, or the mention of lemons.

Old Timers Still Sing Their Praises



ABE ATTELL

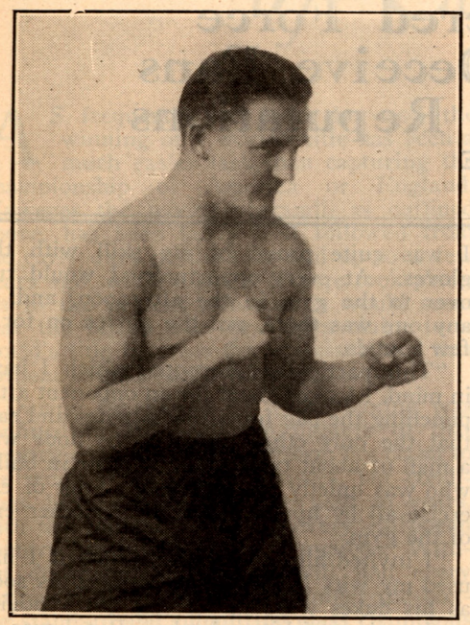
Claimed featherweight title in 1908 *when Corbett and McGovern entered lightweight class. Lost Crown to Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan that same year but regained it by knocking out Sullivan in fourth round in San Francisco, April* 30, 1908. *Abe held crown until defeated by Johnny Kilbane in* 20 *rounds at Los Angeles,* 1912. *Attell was a ring wizard.*



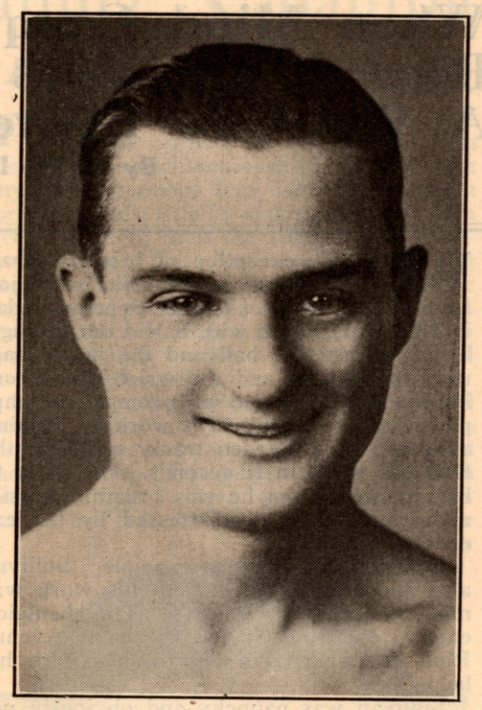
HARRY FORBES

Great Chicago battler who claimed the bantam crown in 1901 *when McGovern entered featherweight class. He met all comers until* 1903, *when Frankie Neil knocked him out in second round. In* 1904 *Abe Attell knocked Forbes out in fifth round at St. Louis. Forbes was born in Rockford, Ill., home of Bud Taylor, present claimant to bantam title.*

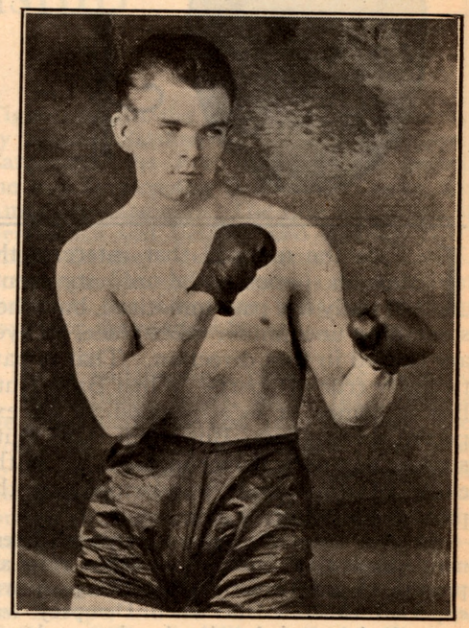
They Hail from All Sections



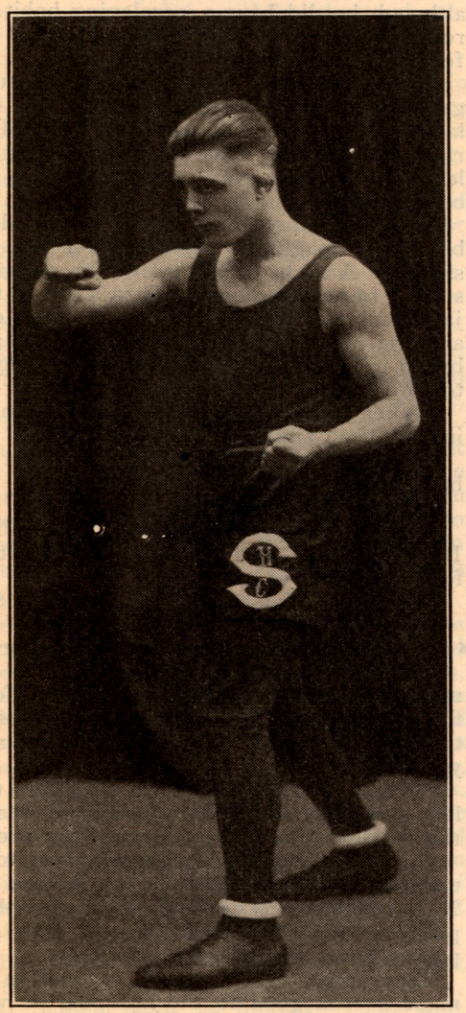
Andy Sakowitz, National Guard welterweight, a slashing and combative battler who rates highly around New York.



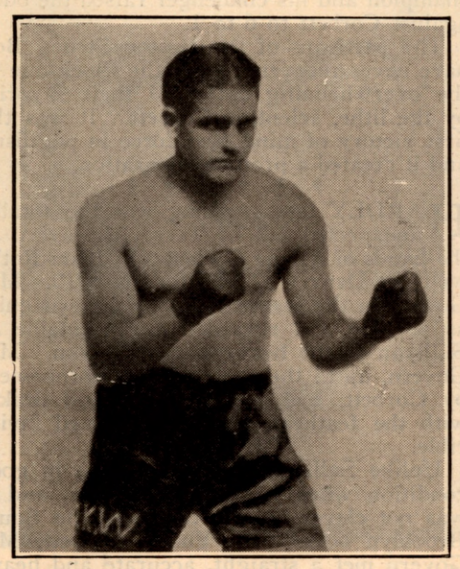
Pete Zivic, Jimmy Bronson's crack little bantamweight.



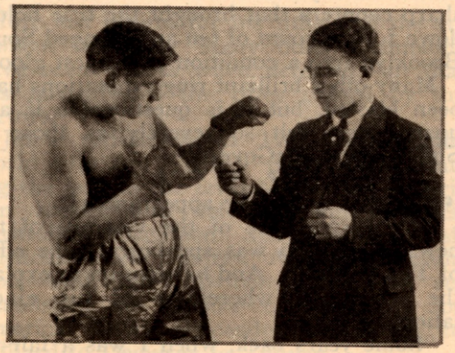
John Stockton, Kernersville, North Carolina, lightweight



Pete Sanstol, Norwegian, who is making a hit in this country. He is a great bantam.

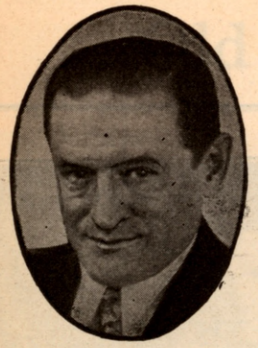


Jack Kid Wolfe, Hazelton, Pa., middleweight.



Leone Labriola, Utica light heavyweight and Bushy Graham, his mentor

Tod Morgan, junior lightweight champion, who expects an active campaign this winter in the East



Unusual Ring Occurrences

When Mind Conquered Force
Ring Appearances Deceive Fans
A Word on Blasted Reputations

By HYPE IGOE

IT is the unusual that interests the human species. The ordinary events of daily life pass unnoticed, but when something uncommon takes place, all eyes are turned in that direction. That is particularly true of sports. When Babe Ruth hits a homer, it is applauded as an expected occurrence. But when Babe Ruth strikes out with three on bases, it is the cause of nine days' wonderment on the part of the baseball element.

So also when Dempsey eliminated Brennan, Carpentier, Miske, and other ring aspirants, that is exactly what Dempsey was expected to do. But when Dempsey was catapulted out of the ring by the ponderous right fist of Luis Firpo, the patrons of pugilism got an entirely unexpected thrill, which was not lessened by the subsequent defeat of the Argentinian.

It is questionable if a challenger for the heavyweight championship ever performed more spectacularly than James J. Corbett, the day before he started for New Orleans to wrest the title from John L. Sullivan. Corbett trained at Asbury Park, and as secrecy was the feature of tht training methods of those days, little was known of the youthful title hunter except that he was preparing. The practice of modern boxers training in public and charging an admission fee, had not been thought of; and in addition it was deemed advisable to train a boxer in some secluded spot as far as possible from the center of population.

Sullivan did his work at Shinnecock Hills, on the eastern end of Long Island, and even that inaccessible spot did not prevent the champion from combining pleasure with ring business.

SO far as Corbett was concerned, all his thoughts were centered on getting possession of Sullivan's title, and no man ever worked more diligently. He was 26 years of age, in the full vigor of young manhood and the six weeks of severe training transformed him into an athlete of wonderful strength and speed.

The only heavyweight whose condition could be compared to that of Corbett when he captured the title, was Dempsey at Toledo, when he defeated Willard. Despite his superb condition and the fact that he had battled for 61 rounds the great Peter Jackson (feared by Sullivan), the odds against Corbett were 4 and 5 to 1.

This settled the youngster, who decided to give the New York public a chance to see what his condition was in advance of the battle. For this purpose, Madison Square Garden was engaged for a day, and the Californian went through his paces in the presence of a small and hostile crowd.

WITH the exception of brief intervals for rest, Corbet worked like a Trojan from noon till sunset of that September day in 1892. He boxed with half a dozen pugilists, punched the ball and the heavy bag, used the pulleys and the wrist strengthening machine, wrestled with competent grapplers, and closed his day's work by running a mile on the Garden track, sprinting the final 100 yards in 12 seconds. On going to his dressing room he was breathing easily and was not at all distressed by his exertions.

Following Corbett's example, Sullivan also appeared in public, but his work was mild compared to Corbett's. The champion entered the ring of the Clermont Avenue Rink and sparred a few rounds with his helpers.

Sullivan was paunchy and obviously not in good condition. Yet the adherents of Sullivan, having seen the condition of the champion and his challenger raised the odds against Corbett to 6 to 1.

The partisans of the Boston Strong Boy have never recovered from the shock due to the overwhelming defeat of their favorite by the lithe, scientific Corbett. It was the first victory of mind over force in pugilism, and it created a profound sensation.

* * * * * *

HARDLY less stunning was the totally unexpected fall of Terry McGovern at the hands of Young Corbett (William Rothwell) of Denver, at Hartford in 1910. McGovern in the featherweight class was quite as popular and regarded as unbeatable as Sullivan in the heavyweight division. McGovern, up to the time of his dethronement by Corbett, had played ducks and drakes with the featherweights and seemed invincible.

Unlike Sullivan, McGovern was in good condition when he lost his crown, and it was not clever boxing that beat the South Brooklyn boxer. In Young Corbett, McGovern met a straight, accurate and heavy hitter, who was not afraid of the champion. Corbett coolly met McGovern's rushes with sharp counters that brought the title holder down for the count of ten and plunged South Brooklyn into a condition of deepest gloom.

Many other brilliant ring reputations have been blasted, but it is questionable if any upsets were felt so severely as those of Sullivan and McGovern.

* * * * * *

"DON'T judge by appearances!" It was one of the veterans of the newspapers who was speaking in the office of Tex Rickard. And he went on to explain the whys and wherefores of his ejaculation:

"Some years back, when I was a fair-to-middlin' featherweight in amateur circles, I was quite proud of my skill with the gloves. At every opportunity I would run over to the gym in the afternoon, and, if any one was there, put the gloves on for a few rounds.

"This particular afternoon, which I have in mind, I looked about for an opponent after punching the bag for a few minutes and saw that the only other chap on the floor was a man of about twenty-five, dapper in build, who was quietly going through a bit of exercise all by his lonesome at the other end of the gym.

"I invited him to box me. Now if I had used my wits I would have noticed as soon as his dukes were up he was not a novice at the game of hit and take. But I was so puffed up with my skill with the maulies that I immediately set in to give him a boxing lesson. He was rather easy to hit I noticed, although he did have a perplexing habit of rolling with the punches so that the real effect of my blows was lost.

"This nettled me a bit, and when I suggested that we start in hard, he agreed. I landed a one-two that was a beauty. The right to the jaw made him sag a bit. I leaped in to put over one with which he could not roll.

"Then he feinted with his left. I tried to block the imaginary punch. As I did, he shifted. A right to the pit of the stomach started to bend me over. Then a left to the jaw, and the lights of the gym went out and the nightingales and other night birds began to sing in my ears as the stars began to shine.

"When I came to, my opponent was bathing my head anxiously.

" 'Sorry,' he said, 'I didn't mean to hit so hard.'

"Whoin'ell," I inquired, 'are you?'

"And he modestly answered, 'Australian Billy Murphy'—who was one of the greatest featherweights of all time.

"So, I say, don't judge by appearances."

* * * * * * *

"YEP," said another scribe, "it never pays to judge by appearances. I remember one in which Sam Langford figured, when the Tar Baby was the itness of the it in the ring. It happened years and years ago.

"It was hard for Samuel to get a bout unless he agreed to let his opponent stay, and this he did as he made a tour of the sticks.

"This particular bout brought him to a town in the West where he was to box the Negro champion six rounds, which Sam had promises that the Negro would last. A packed house was out to see the bout.

"Sam, sure of his dough, started in to make it look good to the fans, but he was pulling his punches and rolling with the

(*Continued on page* 16)

Tunney's Retirement Revives Old Pastime *of* Claiming Championship

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

AS frequently has been the case, the winning of a world's title has been a much easier task than capturing the championship of America or England. However the modus operandi, as outlined above, has been fairly well followed from the early days of the ring and up to a few years ago, when a sharp change took place. As to the present situation it would seem that the boxer who first lays claim to a world's title becomes the possessor, and this without even a day's training.

During the period in which boxing was confined to England, the fighters of that country could with some reason lay claim to the world's titles in all classes, but conditions have changed in the past 20 years, with the result that nearly every European country has one or more champions. Without doubt another decade will find every nation on the globe enrolled under the boxing standard and submitting class champions as "logical contenders."

The naming of world's champions will then be a complex problem, and it may be necessary to abolish world's titles, and rely for fame on national title holders.

A SURVEY of the world championship situation from the time that America became a sharp rival of England in the matter of pugilism may prove interesting. The first recorded heavyweight champion of America was Jacob Hyer, who flourished for a time in 1816. After lying dormant for some years, the sport bobbed up again and Tom Hyer, son of Jacob, became the titleholder. He retired because he could find no opponents.

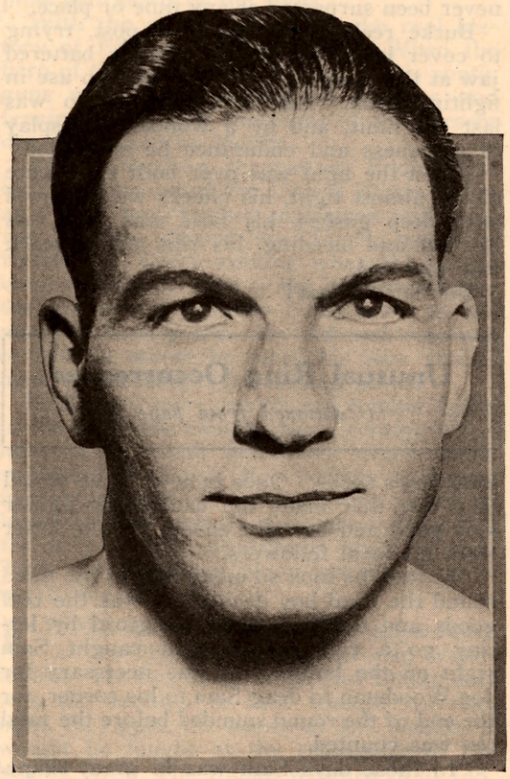
John Morrissey, who became a Congressman, was next in line, and he was followed by John C. Heenan, and the Benecia Boy, as Heenan was known, was the first American title holder to go to England and fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. This was in 1860, and while Heenan gave Tom Sayers, the English champion, so severe a beating that the Briton never again fought in the ring, the referee called it a draw.

When Heenan retired the fight for the American title was resumed, and descended from Joe Coburn, Bill Davis, James Dunn, Mike McCoole, Charles Gallagher, and Tom Allen. The last named was the second American champion to fight for a world's title, Allen meeting Mace, British champion, in 1870, the latter winning in 10 rounds. Then Joe Goss, who never held any title previously, won from Allen on a foul, and was beaten by Paddy Ryan and Sullivan whipped Ryan. At this point the claim of a world's championship arose, to the effect that the world's title was at stake.

This claim is refuted by the second clause of the articles of agreement, signed Oct. 5, 1881, which reads as follows: "The said fight shall be for $2,500 a side and for the Championship of America."

THUS the title that descended from Sullivan to Corbett to Fitzsimmons was the American championship. To be sure any of the famous trio could have fought for the world's title by making a match with Peter Jackson, then the champion of England, Europe and Australia, but Sullivan drew the color line. Corbett, although he had fought Jackson 61 rounds to a draw, ignored the big Negro after defeating Sullivan, and Fitz frankly admitted he desired no ring encounter with Jackson.

It remained for Jeffries to bring the world title to America, when he won from Fitz for the American title and then stopped Jackson for the European title. It has been set forth that Jackson was a wreck when beaten by Jeff, but the negro had never



Jack Delaney, who may try to regain light heavy weight crown from Tommy Loughran.

before lost a fight for his titles and the argument falls flat. Many other champions have been wrecks when defeated, but that has not affected the titles gained by the victors.

Jeff's retirement in 1905 vacated the world title and Tommy Burns, by defeating the best in the scramble for the American honors and defeating Bill Squires, Australian champion, and Moir, British titleholder Bill Squires, Australian champion, and Moir, British titleholder, reestablished the world's championship for America. It has descended to Johnson, to Willard to Dempsey to Tunney.

In the light heavyweight ranks Mike McTigue brought the world's title to America by beating Battling Siki, who had stopped Carpentier, the Frenchman having gained the title by stopping Battling Levinsky, the American champion. The title descended to Berlenbach and Delaney and was left open when Delaney retired from the class. Loughran has demonstrated as American champion, his fitness to fight any foreign boxer for the world's honors.

IN the middleweight class there were no international bouts, up to 1912, despite the belief that Fitz and Jack Dempsey, the Nonpariel, met for world's title. Fitz held no title at all when he came to America and settled here, and Dempsey never met a foreign champion. Frank Klaus, the American titleholder, brought the world's championship to America, when he stopped Carpentier, middleweight champion of France and Europe, and the title descended to Chip, McCoy, O'Dowd, Wilson, Greb, Flowers and Walker.

Although the welterweights of thirty years ago were the best in history, including Ryan Smith, Walcott, etc., etc., none had an international bout. It remained for Kid Lewis to beat Albert Badoud, European champion, and thus gain the world's title. It was inherited by Britton, Walker, Latzo and Joe Dundee.

In the lightweight class, George Lavigne brought the world's title to America when he went to England and stopped the English champion, Dick Burge. The world's title descended to Erne, Gans, Nelson, Wolgast, Ritchie, Welsh and Leonard. On the retirement of Leonard, Goodrich, Kansas and Mandell tussled for the American championship. Claim has been made that McAuliffe was world's champion, but as he had one international bout, that with Jem Carney, which resulted in a draw, the claim has no standing.

In the featherweight class, George Dixon won the world's title by beating the best of the American feathers and winning from Fred Johnson, British title holder, and Abe Willis, Australian champion. The world's title descended to Solly Smith, Dave Sullivan, Terry McGovern and Young Corbett.

On Corbett's retirement Abe Attell won the American title in a campaign with Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, and Kilbane won from Attell. Criqui flattened Kilbane, and Dundee won from Criqui. Attell met Driscoll, British feather champion, in a decision less bout, Driscoll getting the popular verdict. Kilbane refused to box Driscoll. When Dundee retired, Kaplan won the American title and also retired. Canzoneri is the new champion and Benny Bass, the leading contender.

GEORGE DIXON brought the bantam championship of the world to America by going to London and stopping Nunc Wallace, British title holder. Dixon went into the feather class, and Barry claimed the championship. Terry McGovern

kept the world's title here by stopping Pedlar Palmer in one round. McGovern went into the feather class, and the American title passed from Harry Forbes to Frankie Neil, Jimmy Walsh and Johnny Coulon. Kid Williams re-established the world's title by stopping Charley Ledoux, European champion, and Coulon, American title holder.

The world's title descended from Williams to Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Johnny Buff, Abe Goldstein, and Charley Phil Rosenberg. Title is open to competition though Rosenberg's retirement.

The flyweight title was confined to America until Jimmy Wilde, world's champion, came here and fought and lost to Pancho Villa, whose death vacated the title. Frankie Genaro won the American title, and was beaten by Fidel La Barba, who has retired. Izzy Schwartz has best claim to American title.

In the recapitulation the names of world's champions are printed in capital letters.

HEAVYWEIGHT—Jacob Hyer, Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, Joe Coburn, Bill Davis, James Dunn, Mike McCoole, Charles Gallagher, Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Paddy Ryan, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons, JAMES J. JEFFRIES, TOMMY BURNS, JACK JOHNSON, JESS WILLARD, JACK DEMPSEY, GENE TUNNEY.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS — George Gardner, Bob Fitzsimmons, Phila. Jack O'Brien, Stanley Ketchel, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, MIKE McTIGUE, PAUL BERLENBACH, JACK DELANEY, TOMMY LOUGHRAN.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Tom Chandler, George Rooke, Mike Donovan, Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan, Stanley Ketchel, FRANK KLAUS, GEORGE CHIP, AL McCOY, MIKE O'DOWD, JOHNNY WILSON, HARRY GREB, TIGER FLOWERS, MICKEY WALKER.

WELTER — Paddy Duffy, Tommy Ryan, Mysterious Billy Smith, Rube Ferns, Matty Matthews, Eddie Connolly, Joe Walcott, Dixie Kid, Kid Graves, KID LEWIS, JACK BRITTON, MICKEY WALKER, PETE LATZO, JOE DUNDEE.

LIGHTWEIGHT — Abe Hicken, Arthur Chambers, Jack McAuliffe, GEORGE LAVIGNE, FRANK ERNE, JOE GANS, BATTLING NELSON, AD WOLGAST, WILLIE RITCHIE, FREDDIE WELSH, BENNY LEONARD, Jimmy Goodrich, Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell.

FEATHERWEIGHT — GEORGE DIXON, SOLLY SMITH, DAVE SULLIVAN, TERRY McGOVERN, YOUNG CORBETT, Abe Attell, Tommy Sullivan, Johnny Kilbane, JOHNNY DUNDEE (retired), Louis Kid Kaplan (retired). Tony Canzoneri (generally recognized as U. S. Champion).

BANTAM — GEORGE DIXON, JIMMY BARRY, TERRY McGOVERN, Harry Forbes, Frankie Neil, Jimmy Walsh, Johnny Coulon, KID WILLIAMS, PETE HERMAN, JOE LYNCH, JOHNNY BUFF, ABE GOLDSTEIN, CHARLEY PHIL ROSENBERG (retired and title open to competition). Bud Taylor was recognized as U. S. champion until recent retirement. Title now open.

FLYWEIGHT — Frankie Mason, Johnny Buff, PANCHO VILLA, Frankie Genaro, Fidel La Barba (retired and title open to competition). Corporal Izzy Schwartz recognized generally as the American champion.

When Sailor Burke Showed Exceptional Gameness

THE last round of the six-round fight between Billy Papke and Sailor Burke in New York on August 18, 1908, was one of the most savage and one-sided ever seen in any ring.

Papke, a great two-handed fighter, used crucifying left to the stomach and ribs and an electrifying right to the jaw that shook the deep sea man from truck to keelson. For five rounds the Illinois Thunderbolt showered Burke with every punch in his repertoire without being able to stop him.

With his reputation as a knockerout at stake, Billy tore into the Sailor with everything he had in that final round, and punished him with a tigerlike ferocity that has never been surpassed at any time or place.

Burke reeled from pillar to post, trying to cover his tortured ribs and his battered jaw at the same time. There was no use in fighting back. All he wanted to do was last the limit, and by a wonderful display of gameness and endurance he succeeded.

When the fight was over both eyes were closed almost tight, his cheeks were seamed with deep gashes, his nose was split, his lips cut and bleeding, his ribs and stomach raw and red.

But he did last!

Unusual Ring Occurrences

(*Continued from page* 14)

local boy's socks. Once in a while he would take one that made the backwoods fighter look good and brought cheers for the latter from his loyal followers.

"In fact, he took so many that in the third round the local boy decided he was the real goods and double-crossed Langford by letting go a right-hander that caught Sam right on the button. It was necessary for Joe Woodman to drag Sam to his corner, for the end of the round sounded before the fatal ten was counted.

"In those days Sam was in great shape. He soon came to, and when the bell rang for the fourth he bounded to the middle of the ring, roaring mad.

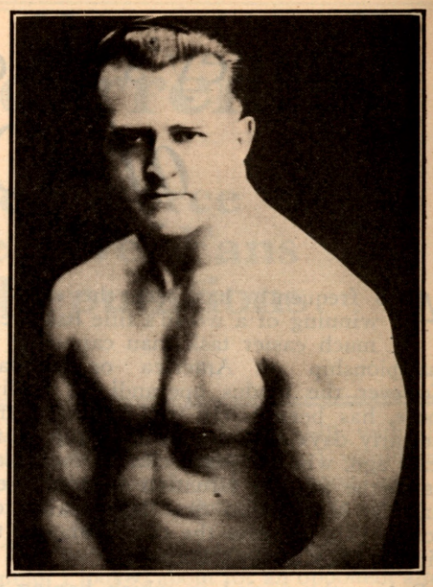
"He stretched out his hand to his opponent. The backwoods Negro extended his and at the same time said:

" 'What's the idea, Mistah Langford, of you all shakin' mah hand? Dis am not de las' round; dis am only the fo'th.'

" 'Brown boy,' said Samuel, his eyes flashing fire; 'as far as you is concerned, dis am the las' round.'

"WHAM! went Samuel's right, and WHAM went the double crosser's head as he hit the canvas. The man who tried to trick Sam went to sleep for at least five minutes.

"So, you see, it never pays to judge by appearances."



EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance"

Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. **Kill him!** If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teachers you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. I **guarantee them**! It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

Send for my New Book ***Muscular Development*** **64 pages and —IT'S FREE**

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the peppiest piece of reading you ever laid eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash till you've turned the last cover. And there's 48 full page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is shouting my praises. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—you're dead. Come on then. Take out the old pen or pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon. Do it **now**. Tomorrow you may forget. Remember, it's something for nothing and no string attached—no obligation. GRAB IT!

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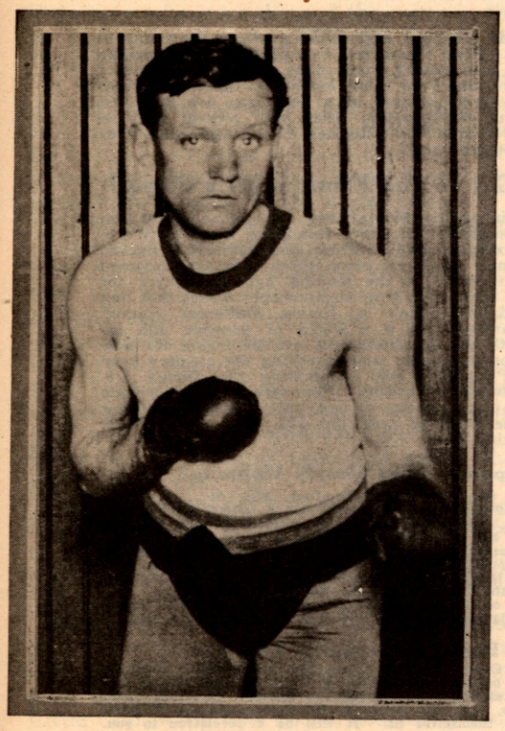
Boxing in Philippines Got Big Impetus *with* Villa's Victory Over Jimmy Wilde

By CARROLL D. ALCOTT, *Manila Sports Editor*

THE development of boxing in the Philippine Islands has kept pace with its politics.

Any line of endeavor that has for its principal ingredient, the art of fighting, whether it be debate or fistic in nature is welcomed by the advancing Filipino. His fibre is of such composition that he must sock someone or get socked. The ring and the courtrooms have furnished him with an outlet for this fiery temperament and he manages to keep consistently in the spotlight of the world. The Pacific wards of the United States are a nation of lawyers and boxers.



Jimmy Wilde

Previous to the occupation of the archipelago by the United States forces, boxing was unknown. The Spaniard had failed to teach his subjects the use of fists as weapons, principally because he didn't know much about the game himself.

A quarter of a century has worked wonders. The islands have had a world champion and they are likely to have one or two more within the next few years. The land of churches, red haired dogs and dohbe itch is really coming into its own as far as the ring is concerned.

It was not until Pancho Villa knocked out Jimmy Wilde in 1923 that the Filipino boxer gained distinction. Pancho was a sensation and every one opined that Frank Churchill, his manager, had a gold mine if he could pick up a few more like this jabbing, dancing wildcat in the form of a human. Churchill, who together with Eddie Tait, developed boxing in the Orient, had plenty more back in Manila.

PETE SARMIENTO was eventually brought to New York. Pete is still going good after almost six years of consistent fighting against the best boys in the bantam division. When his career is over, he can return to his home with enough money to buy a good residence in Manila, although he has not had the foresight to save most of his money.

The first real boxer to come out of the Philippines was Eddie Duarte. Eddie carries the title in the Orient of the "Grand Old Man of the Oriental Ring." He deserves the title. Eddie was boxing in remote parts of the world before the average Filipino had heard of the sport.

With the advent of Eddie, the real history of Filipino boxing begins. When the hero of this paragraph was still in his youth, guns and swords settled all disputes and fencing bouts took the place of the present day fight card in Manila.

After American occupation, Eddie went into the service of the United States Navy as a deck boy, kitchen policeman and valet for officers aboard the U. S. cableship Bruenside. Every evening when the sailors were at leisure, some of the boys would don the gloves and youthful Eddie made up his mind to have a try. He did and returned to Manila where he aired his new attainment in the alleys, streets and parks.

Eddie had more rough and tumble fights in the following months than a centipede has legs. As a result practically every sailor stationed in Manila Bay became a boxing instructor. Eddie's enemies were forced to learn how to protect themselves from the former's wildcat attacks on their person. Thus the American Navy introduced boxing to the Orient.

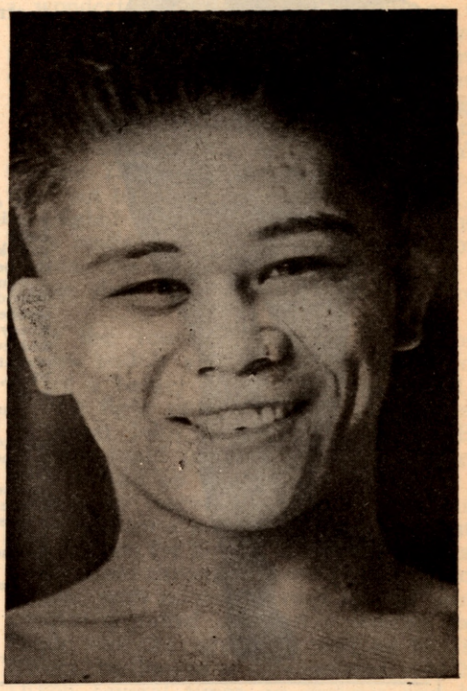
EDDIE made his first public appearance at the Olympic club, of Tacoma, Washington. He fought an American Indian and won the decision in four rounds. In that fight, he tipped the beams at 128 pounds, a weight he fought at the remainder of his boxing days. The Indian weighed in at 148. In the following years, Eddie fought in Alaska, Canada and the United States.

Eventually, Duarte returned to the Philippines. He was regarded as a hero and after a number of battles at the Manila Stadium, he was matched to meet Antonio Zuzuarrigue, a welter, who had gained distinction while Eddie was roaming around the world. Eddie weighed 129 pounds and won the verdict at the end of ten slashing rounds.

In celebration of his victory, the fighting little man of Manila was placed upon a platform carried by admirers and thousands of fans followed him from the arena to his home. Crowds of people filled the street in front of his house until long after midnight. It was the real beginning of the Filipino fighter.

Old age finally exacted its toll and in 1916 Eddie went down to defeat against the youthful Ramon Sanchez. The old veteran is now 45 years old and enjoys his advancing years by watching the fruits of his early endeavor spring into champions and powerful contenders.

IT was shortly after the sensation created by Eddie Duarte that Eddie Tait and Frank Churchill started their meritorious work of developing the Filipino fighter. These men alone have been responsible for



Pancho Villa

producing one champion of the world and bringing into existence a score or more of contenders in addition to some fifty champions of the Far East.

Eddie and Frank started their pre-war day cards with boxers from the Army and Navy. The main event fighters were also service men with the exception of a few Filipino battlers who had reached a high position in Manila. Then a pair of Filipinos were introduced in a preliminary.

Their performance was so creditable that it soon became the policy to continue placing natives on cards. It was not long before the Filipino was monopolizing the main events. Then a dangerous experiment was tried. A Filipino was matched with an American and the Filipino won.

After the Filipino boxers started to defeat the boys in the service, boxing talent from the States and Australia was imported. No expense was spared to obtain good men. Churchill journeyed to Australia

(*Continued on page* 20)

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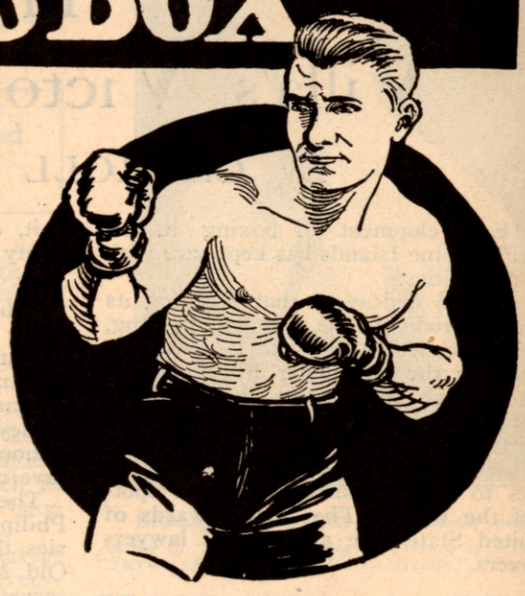

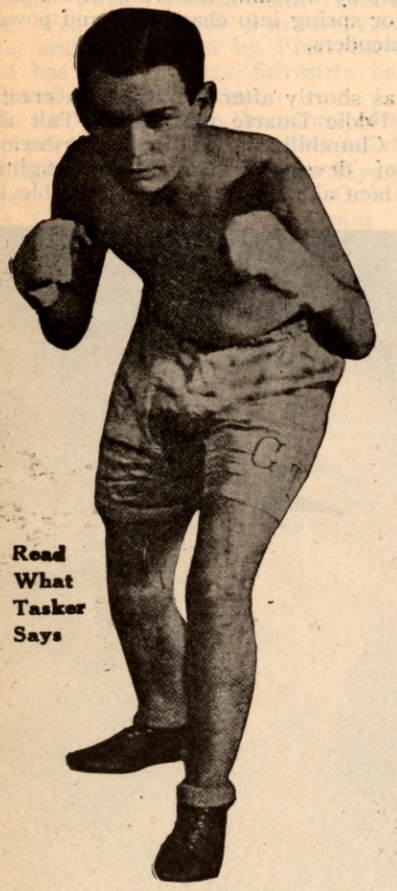

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"Since I started in with your lessons I developed myself very much. I am running 18 miles per week and my footwork is very good. I am also gaining much speed and wind."
—JEROME TURK, Goerck St.,
New York, N. Y.

Note: Turk has fought 10 exhibitions. Won 6 by K.O., 2 on decisions and lost two on points. Has style like Delaney.

"Your Course is splendid and I advise all that I come in contact with who have ambition and want to reach the top, to take it. I notice good improvement in my health, and my wind is better. Emphatically I can say I am more than satisfied with my development since taking your Course."
G. M. COWIE,
Calgary,
Alta., Canada.

Note: Cowie, now the featherweight champion of the Province of Alberta, Canada gives credit for his success to his instruction by mail from the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course.

John Poukish Newberry Pa., writes: "I'm getting along fine. I think the lessons are great. My wind is good. One good thing about your lessons is that when you learn something, you are sure it is right. I notice a big improvement in my health."

The local newspapers hail Poukish as the coming lightweight aspirant. He has been in 8 bouts, winning all but one, the last being a draw. His opponent had 47 ring battles and outweighed Poukish 16 pounds.

"Your Course is splendid, and I advise all who want to learn the game fro mthe ground up, to take it. My general health has greatly improved as a result of this Course."
WM. MUNNELLY,
Salem, Mass.

Note: Munnelly is a middleight who has engaged in 18 bouts and never once knocked off his feet. That means he was never beaten.

"When you sent me your Certificate of your Boxing Course, you said you would be glad to hear of my progress in the fighting game. I have had five bouts and have not lost yet. The first two were draws, one with Mickey Herbert at 125 pounds, and one with Joe Domino, a Philippino from Seattle. The last three bouts I won by K.O.'s."
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Four Fights—Four Draws with Hank Brennan, Dixon's Greatest Battles

By DARBY WHALEN

(An eyewitness to all four encounters)

RING history is full of stories of great battles, of stirring encounters of the hair-raising type, but I doubt that there is in the record books listed four battles among gamecocks that can equal the four between Hank Brennan, a mite of a fellow from up in New England and George Dixon, former bantam and feather-weight champion of the world. I have read reams upon reams of the famous fights in which John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jeffries, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, McGovern, Dempsey and other ring worthies fought, but never have I seen an account of the early mills of one of two of the greatest little men who ever donned the mitts in this or any other country—George Dixon and Hank Brennan.

I was an eyewitness to the four terriffic contests staged between these boys and feeling that an account of the proceedings will be of interest to our army of readers, I have decided to describe what I saw under that Ring history may record these fights.

Only recently we saw Gene Tunney administer a severe beating to Tom Heeney and the experts, in flowing language, told how this bout was one of the masterpieces of ring history. True, Gene Tunney gave an admirable account of himself, showed mastery to the nth degree, but where does that bout compare to the four hectic encounters Dixon and Brennan engaged in? Ask the old timers who saw all or any of those heart-throbbing tilts, and see if they don't agree with me.

What fighter of to-day, a top notcher, would agree to fight 64 rounds, four contests, within a period of a few months, and each against the toughest boy at his weight that ever lived—George Dixon?

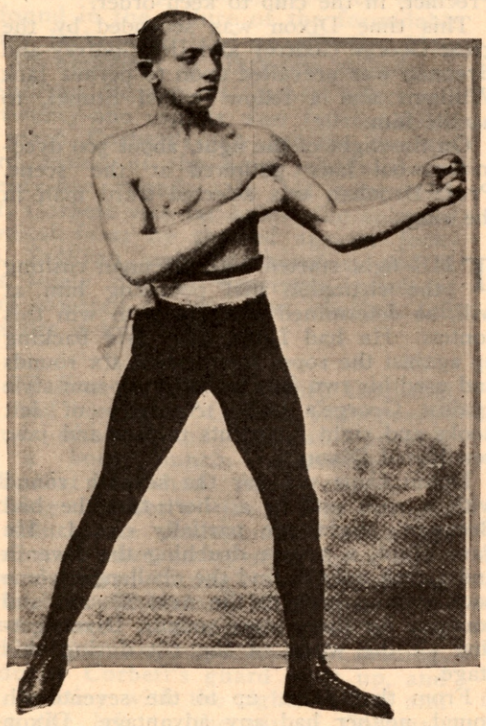
Yet Hank Brennan, the pride of Boston, who with John L. Sullivan at the time shared the glories of the ring, undertook such a task and made things so hot for Little Chocolate, that Dixon absolutely could not be induced to clash with him for a fifth battle, winner take all, to decide the matter of supremacy. Four battles and four draws, each a more hectic combat than the preceding one—that is the record of these boys.

IT was late in 1888 that Brennan's friends first pitted Hank against the negro. They were matched for 14 rounds and what a battle! It was give and take all the way and so enthusiastic was the crowd that packed the room where the bout was staged, that a second contest was arranged shortly after and this, like the first, was full of fight.

No stalling like we see to-day! No clinching, no thumbing or wrestling! It was fight! Fight! Fight! There was not a let up from start to finish. A real cockle-of-the-heart affair that again ended in a draw, the referee halting proceedings at the end of the ninth round.

Then a rest of a few weeks and a third battle to decide who was the better man. This time thousands of dollars were bet on the Bostonian because he had proved his greatness, he had shown his gameness and he demonstrated to the satisfaction of all of Boston's sports that he was the equal of any man his weight in the world.

It was three days after Christmas, on a bitter cold night, that the fight fans of Boston gathered around the street corners discussing the merits of the boys who that night were to tackle each other for the third time. Few were aware that they would see a sight such as never since has been duplicated in the ring and I've seen and followed the game for many years.



George Dixon

The time of the fight had arrived. The crowd had gathered at the scene of hostilities, the supporters of each boy occupying opposite sides of the ring. Walking on either side were the bookies, hats tipped to one side, cigar held at an angle between the teeth, and the hard look of the gambler plastered all over the map of each. Odds of 7 to 5 on Dixon were quoted and they were hastily taken up by the Brennan supporters. In fact, so much money was wagered, that soon the odds had fallen to even money and then the fun began.

THE men entered the ring and much to the astonishment of Brennan's supporters, he absolutely refused to have any seconds in his corners.

"I'll fight my own battle, this time," he answered to the entreaties of his followers and this he did.

He walked into the ring with a bottle of water and a towel and whatever was required between rounds, was done by himself.

Brennan was cock-sure of the result. So confident was he, that he decided he needed no seconds, required no advice and wanted "only a square deal from the referee," as he remarked, and victory would be his.

Well, Hank's confidence went a long way towards victory that night, for he put up a wonderful fight. George Dixon, as the veteran Tom O'Rourke will tell you, went through many hectic affairs in his great career, but let me tell you, mates, he never faced a stiffer job than he did that night.

What a fight that was! Biff! Bang! Bing!—all the way. Cleverness! Yes, George Dixon possessed considerable of that, but he could not use it that night. It was fight! Fight! Fight—and Little Chocolate realized it from the tap of the gong. If ever the ring saw two gamecocks in action, there they were—Dixon and Brennan.

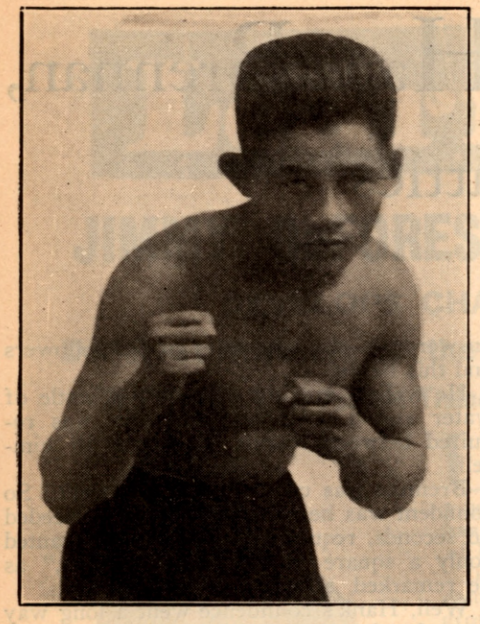
As the rounds passed on, the crowd became unduly excited. The fans had gone to see a battle, but were being treated to a prize fight such as it was thought only the great John L, the Idol of the Bay Staters, could furnish. Dixon was pretty well marked up but so was Hank.

He soon learned that it was foolhardy to be without a second in his corner, but it was too late for him to change his mind and Hank went through fifteen terrific, bloody rounds, with no one to care for his wants. Despite a puffed eye and a swollen face, Hank was the aggressor and to his followers, he looked a sure winner. He had Dixon several times in distress and had Little Chocolate's face in the same condition as was his, but when the time arrived for the decision, the referee held up the hands of both and for the third time, these little gladiators were on even terms.

JUST imagine yourself in the midst of a hostile gang and you'll appreciate what we were in for, when that draw verdict was announced. Those who supported and backed Hank Brennan heavily, started the ball rolling with cat-calls and jeers and tried to get at the referee. The supporters of Dixon, on the other hand, were equally determined to see "justice" done and they became just as unruly. For a time it seemed that blood would be shed, but fortunately, the cooler heads prevailed over the excited ones and the hall was cleared.

But that was only the beginning of it, for once outside, the arguments started all over again, and many a fist fight took place. In fact, the commotion closely resembled a Donnybrook, so keen were the partisans. Hank Brennan was carried on the shoulders

(*Continued on page 20*)



Little Moro, fly and batamweight champion of the Orient. A great little fighter.

Boxing in Philippines

(*Continued from page* 17)

and returned with Lew Edwards, Vince Blackburn, Harry Holmes and Tommy Ryan. The Filipinoes made such an impression that they became the equal of any boxer in the lighter weights in the world.

Then Pancho Villa together with Ilino Flores were taken to America. These boys set out in May 1922, and the history of their performances in the United States is marvelous indeed. It was a sad blow to the Philippines when news of Pancho's death reached Manila. As a fitting tribute to the lad who did more to bring the islands to the United States than any Filipino who has lived before or after, an imposing monument has been erected to his memory at the Cemetery Del Norte, one of the most magnificent burial grounds in the world.

THERE by the side of Dr. Jose Rizal, the Abraham Lincoln of the archipelago, and the great men of the Philippines, this boy who was formerly a bootblack on the Luneta and who lived like the squirrels in the trees, rests his head under a slab as pretentious as that of a millionaire's or a general's.

But the parade marches on. Pete Sarmiento, Johnny Hill, Clever Dencio, Kid Johnson, Young Fernandez, Kid Moro, Little Moro, Lope Tenario, Silvino Janisti, Irinio Flores, Little Pancho, Kid Balagtas, Speedy Dado, Pedro Campo, Kid Gabo, Ignatio Fernandez, Pablo Dano, Ceferinia Garcia and countless others are striving to take Pancho's place.

Among the men who will soon make their appearance in the States are, Kid Johnson, former flyweight champion but now a featherweight champion of the Orient, and Young Fernandez, a star featherweight. Fernandez held the bantam crown. Both are good men and have earned their titles. Fernandez is a bundle of energy and nerves.

A. Carreon, now a semi-windup fighter in Manila, will be ripe in a year or so. He is destined to travel a long way. Boy Walley, of Singapore, is another of the Orient who ranks high. Walley is a fitting match for Fidel LaBarba at the present time. There are others equally as strong.

What the Filipino has accomplished in the ring during the past twenty years is indeed impressive.

Four Fights; Four Draws, Dixon's Greatest Battles

(*Continued from page* 19)

of his admirers and paraded outside the club. He shouted his defiance to the Dixon enthusiasts and threatened to thrash Dixon in a barrel or on a 150 acre plot, just for the fun of doing it.

Finally, after much persuasion, Dixon was inveigled into giving Brennan the opportunity he sought and a fourth bout was arranged, this to take place on October 14th, 1889. The police got wind of the affair and were ready to put a halt to the plans, but when it was shown that the bout would be staged strictly according to law and that the Parnell Club would be the scene of the encounter, the police agreed to let the affair take place but stationed several officers in charge of Sergeant Peabody of the Fourth Precinct, in the club to keep order.

This time Dixon was seconded by the great George Godfrey and Jim Godfrey and Brennan was prevailed upon to permit Jack Williams and a fellow called Stunki, to handle him.

On the night of the fight, about 500 dyed-in-the-wool fans gathered at the scene. Prof. Drouhan was selected third man in the ring.

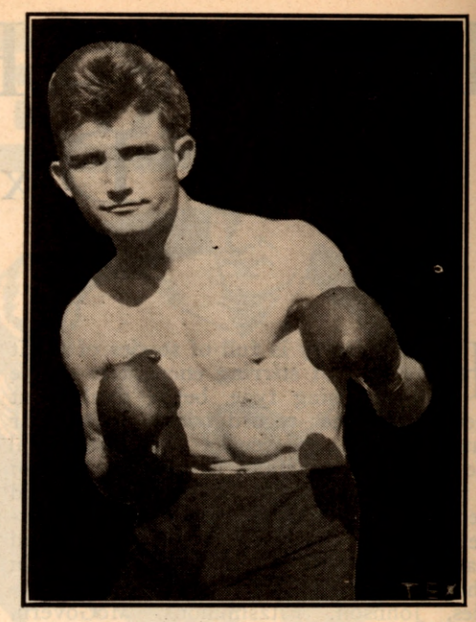
THE fight started with Brennan rushing the champion and pounding him at will, so determined was Hank to win this contest. He had Little Chocolate backing up against the ropes for the first six rounds and used his two fists in battering-ram style against George's body. A series of left hooks and right uppercuts to face and jaw, bewildered Dixon.

Dixon came out for the seventh round with a rush and in a short time he had Brennan's right eye partially closed. He gave Hank a severe drubbing the seventh and eighth only to find the challenger come back with a rush in the next session and continue for three more rounds, Dixon getting all the worst of the tilt during this stage.

From that point up to the seventeenth round, neither had any advantage. Dixon tried to open Brennan's damaged eye and Hank became furious. During an exchange in the eighteenth round, he drove a terrific right hand smash flush on Dixon's nose and the blood started flowing.

Both fighters took a severe drubbing in the next four rounds and were tiring as they entered the twenty-third session. At the start of that round Brennan rushed from his corner and landed two right's to Dixon's head and received in return a right crash to the chin that sent Brennan to the floor. Getting to his feet in a dazed condition, he made a miraculous stand while Dixon showered him with lefts and rights, similar to that which Gene Tunney handed out to Tom Heeney recently but try as Dixon did, he could not land the punch soporific.

The next two rounds found Brennan back again in great form and he fought an even battle and in the twenty-sixth he and Dixon were pretty well in. They had fought themselves out. They had given and taken and



"Tiger" Connell, bantamweight champion of Hawaii.

when that round ended, Prof. Drouhan stepped between them and for the fourth time, decided their contest a draw.

Pandemonium reigned. The fight fans were in an uproar. They were ready to tear the referee apart for stopping the bout. Here was one fight which they figured would be decisively decided, but again they were fooled. There were many who sided with the referee and praised his judgment, but those who wagered on a decision, demanded the question be settled by permitting the bout to go to a definite decision.

Just when things looked at their hottest and it seemed the gendarmes would have to get into action, over the ropes leaped Sergeant Peabody and with a cordion of police surrounding the ring, in good old Irish brogue he shouted:

"This fight is over. It's no use yer arguing. Clear the hall before we clear it for yer."

And with that ended one of the greatest struggles between two great little men ever fought in an American ring. Boxing history may record greater deeds of bigger men, but I tell you mates, you'll never see such four terrific, scintillating, heart-throbbing battles as the four draws between Hank Brennan and George Dixon.

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Fitzsimmons, Hardest Hitter, Most Scientific and Strategic Puncher in Ring History

By TOM McARDLE
(Madison Square Garden Matchmaker)

IN puglism, ancient and modern, chief interest has always centered about the man who has been able to win his contests with one decisive blow. The fighter who can topple his opponent with a clean-cut shot to the jaw or body at once attracted the interested scrutiny of patrons of boxing, who flock to the arena to witness his succeeding bouts. If he scores additional knockouts and wins a class title, he is installed a hero of the roped square.

Judging from the numerous queries received by THE RING as to the hardest hitters in the history of boxing, the subject of affective punching is still uppermost in the minds of those who follow the sport. Incidentally, boxing rules in nearly all States where commissions control pugilism, declare that "decisions shall be based primarily on effectiveness." Aggressiveness and defensive skill are of secondary importance, and it is therefore not surprising that hitting ability is so popular with the masses.

"Please name the hardest hitter of all times," writes a reader of THE RING. To comply with that request would be impossible, as hitting under the bare knuckle rules of early pugilism and the glove contests that came into vogue about 1880, was radically different. In knuckle fights, the object of the contestants was to cut and bruise the face as much as possible to the end that the victim would surrender and toss in a sponge as token of defeat.

THE glove warriors of the present aim to weaken opponents by forceful blows to body and jaw and thus prepare them for a jolt that will prevent them resuming hostilities within ten seconds. Of the bare hand fighters, Tom Hyer, first American champion, and John C. Heenan, were unquestionably the hardest hitters of their time, with Jem Mace, champion of England and the world, third in line.

To come down to the glove fighting period, selecting the hardest hitters is not difficult, because their achievements are well known, and by way of furnishing a basis for argumentation the writer will name the three men in each class who in his opinion were the most dynamic hitters.

THE heavyweight division of the padded mitt era was for years well stocked with forceful punchers, including such men as Jackson, Goddard, Slavin, Choynsky, Fitzsimmons, Langford, Jeffries, Dempsey, et al. In estimating the ranking of these men, Fitzsimmons seems to overshadow the others. Not did he shoot his gloved hands with terrific force, but he was in my opinion the most scientific and stategical puncher in the history of boxing.

Fitz's most notable feat was his knockout of Jim Corbett by two blows delivered in the fourteenth round and after an exhibition of strategy never before equalled. Corbett, in the opinion of the writer, was the most skillful defensive boxer in the history of pugilism, proof of which is found in the failure of the formidable Peter Jackson to land an effective blow on his opponent in sixty-one rounds.

Sullivan did not hit Corbett effectively in twenty-one rounds, and Jeffries failed to reach Corbett's jaw till the twenty-third round of the bout scheduled for twenty-five rounds. In his bout with Jeff, Corbett was far below the splendid physical form he showed against Jackson, Sullivan and Fitzsimmons, and it was solely due to weariness, resultant from lowered vitality, that enabled Jeff to score a knockout.

YET Fitz, in face of superb condition and boxing by Corbett, maneuvered round after round for an opening for a body punch. Knowing full well that he had small chance of reaching Corbett's jaw, Fitz sought to induce the champion to raise his guard and leave an opening for a body blow, delivered through the medium of a left shift. Therefore, Fitz, round after round feinted and aimed blows at the head, without any expectation of landing. Gradually Corbett's guard went up, and Fitz, feinting with the right, shifted and drove the left to the pit of Corbett's stomach. As the champion wavered, Fitz hooked the left to the chin.

Fitz also knocked out Sharkey twice, once in eight rounds, and once in two rounds, and was robbed by a dishonest decision of foul in the first bout. In the second contest, Fitz decided not to hit Sharkey in the body and dropped him for the full count with a left to the jaw. Fitz stopped many dangerous men in jig time—Peter Maher in one round, Jim Hall in four rounds and numerous others.

Jack Dempsey is second choice, and Sam Langford third.

Among the middleweights, Fitz, at the time he stopped Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, was beyond doubt a terrific hitter. Ketchel was second choice and Tommy Ryan third.

THE welters never had a harder puncher than Joe Walcott, with Ryan second and Mysterious Billy Smith, third.

Among the lightweights, Joe Gans, who won the world's lightweight title from Frank Erne, a clever boxer, with one punch in the first round, stands above the others in the class. Benny Leonard is my second choice, with Kid Lavigne third. Possibly McLarnin may qualify as the equal or superior of those named.

In the featherweight division, and also the bantam class, Terry McGovern was the leader, with George Dixon second in each class. Abe Attell is third choice in the featherweight division, and Kid Williams is placed third in the bantam class.

The flyweights were dominated by Jimmy Wilde, both as a boxer and a puncher, with Johnny Buff second, and Jimmy Barry third.

In the light-heavyweight class, Jack Dillon was the leading hitter, Leo Lomski second choice, Delaney third.

IN arriving at conclusions as to the hitting power of boxers the writer has not been influenced entirely by the number of knockouts scored by the leaders. Ability in feinting opponents into giving openings for solid smashes to jaw or body have figured largely in the awards. In the latter respect, Fitzsimmons, Gans, Dixon, Wilde, Ryan and others were pastmasters.

Fitzsimmons was the leading strategist of pugilism, and he usually had his plan of battle mapped out before entering the ring. He was the master engineer of the ring. Gene Tunney, of the latter day fighters, is the nearest approach to a perfect fighting strategist.

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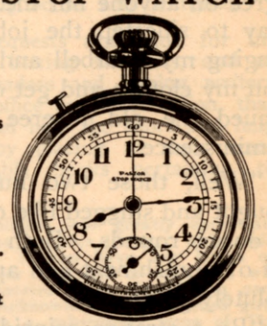

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Honest, Heroic Referees of the Past

By ARTHUR LUMLEY

THE RING *herewith presents an article on "Honest and Heroic Referees of Bygone Days" by Arthur Lumley, one of the oldest members of the boxing fraternity. Mr. Lumley took an active part in the management of great fistic battles of the bare knuckle days.—Editor's Note.*

NO man ever refereed so many hard, important fights in the old skin tight glove days in the 80's, than Frank Stevenson.

Stevenson was very popular, absolutely reliable and honest in all pugilistic affairs, although he ran the notorious "Slide" and other underworld resorts on the lower West Side in New York City.

He was always a just, fearless referee. He never allowed the toughest gangs to overawe or outgame in any way. On many critical occasions, ringside thugs held guns to Stevenson's head, threatening his life if he didn't give a decision to the thugs' liking, but Frank never backed water.

Stevenson, one evening, chatting about his rough and ready experience as referee, related this tale to me some forty years ago:

I WAS called out of bed one cold winter's morning about four o'clock to referee a bout between two negro waiters. It was a grudge fight and it took place in an old tumble-down rear stable—a dark, dismal, dilapidated shack.

"It seems they had been wrangling all night over a referee and they couldn't agree on anyone but me. I tried in every way to sidestep the job, but they kept ringing my doorbell and I finally had to don my clothes and get on the job," continued the old referee with a chilling reminiscence.

"Well, those two husky black birds fought and slugged like demons for about a dozen rounds. Both of them took a lot of punishment and appeared to be absolutely game.

"By a strange coincidence in the 12th round both swung desperate righthanded punches and both landed on each other's jaw. Down they went apparently dead to the world. The timekeepers counted them out and their seconds jumped into the ring.

"But I quickly ordered the seconds outside the ropes. Most of the crowd yelled for a draw. 'Wait a minute, boys,' I shouted raising both arms in the air. 'I'm going to decide this fight on the level. I'm going to give the fight to the first man who gets on his feet.'

"In an instant, as if by magic, both the supposed knocked out negroes jumped to their feet. What a razzing they got from the tough crowd. The mob called them fakers, quitters and everything they could lay their tongues to. There was almost a riot. I sent the fakers to their corners and waited until the crowd quieted down.

"'I won't stand for this fake,' I said sternly, 'you'll have to fight it out or I'll declare it no contest.' I also ordered the stakeholder, Jim Barkley, not to give up a cent of the stake or gate money.

"The fighters seemed quite refreshed after about ten minutes' rest and they started in again, hammer and tongs, and for five rounds made quite a slashing fight out of it. In the 16th round they became very wild and desperate. They butted, choked one another, hit below the belt and committed all sorts of fouls, so I threw them out of the ring and declared the fight no contest. They agreed to fight it out again, but for more than a year couldn't agree on a referee. They tried to get me again, but I refused the job.

I tell you it was worth to referee a bout in those days.

* * *

STEVENSON was a great admirer of Nonpariel Jack Dempsey. He refereed most of gallant Jack's great championship battles which were fought in the 80's with the punishing skin tight gloves.

A New York sport writer while on a visit to Pittsburgh in 1887, was induced by Sam Freeman, then the sporting editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, to witness a fight to be staged at Uniontown, Pa.

The proposed melee was a match between two brawny iron puddlers. It was another grudge fight, and it was partly agreed that Freeman was to officiate as referee.

When Freeman and the New Yorker arrived on the Main Street at Uniontown, they found the sheriff and a couple of his deputies standing guard in front of the building where the proposed fight was to take place. An ugly rough crowd of disappointed fans hung around in groups, muttering all sorts of vengeance on the sheriff and the promoters.

After a secret conference with the promoters of the affair, Freeman informed his New York friend that everything was off and they might as well hop back to Pittsburgh at once.

But the New Yorker who had been chatting with the sheriff thought different. "Let me try him out, Sam. He seems rather a regular sort of fellow," said the Gothamite as he walked over toward the big gun and jail official and started to powwow with him.

It didn't take the New Yorker long before he got into the good graces of the sheriff and with a little soft diplomacy, induced the latter to partake of a few inspiring beverages at a nearby saloon.

Under the genial influence of the inspiring liquor, the sheriff rather suddenly opened up thusly "You can fix this thing up. I want four tickets for the fight or there won't be any fight. Get me?"

Get him! Yes, the New Yorker nearly dropped senseless. He rushed over to Freeman, got the four tickets and all hands quickly hopped up into a big loft over a store, where the ring was erected and the two iron puddlers and their seconds were huddled in two separate small rooms off the main loft.

The roughneck fans quickly crowded about the ring. There was long tiresome wrangles over the referee. The backers of one of the fighters refused to agree upon Freeman, claiming he had written some uncomplimentary remarks about their man in the Dispatch.

THE wrangle over the referee went on for an hour or more with the tough customers howling their disgust for the bull by the horns and declare himself.

"I'll appoint the referee," shouted that gentleman of authority. "There's a sporting writer here from New York. He knows the game and don't know either man. I appoint him referee."

There was a howling cheer, while the New Yorker tried to hide away in a dark corner of the loft. He didn't fancy the job a bit, but the sheriff and all hands insisted. So the slugging combat finally got under way.

What a terrific slaughtering butchery it was between the two powerful slambangers! No science, nothing but slug,

A group of fight fans of the "Bare Knuckle Days." Unlike our present-day partisan who gives vent to his feelings when the verdict does not appeal to him, by razzing the officials, the old school used sticks, stones and even bullets as a convincing argument that "their man" should have won.

smash, butt and bull each other like two wild animals.

What a job for a referee with the blood spurting and the husky puddlers wrestling, fouling in a sort of rough and tumble fracas!

Luckily in those days, the referee stood outside the ropes. Lucky in one way but rather unlucky in another, for in this case, two desperadoes held guns to the referee's back threatening to blow holes through his kidneys if he attempted to decide on a foul or give any decision whatsoever.

The poor New York referee was in a hot hole. He expected to be croaked any moment. Between one of the rounds he appealed to the sheriff and that worthy official with his three deputies promptly threw the desperate gunmen headlong down stairs.

This quick action rather smoothed the roughnecks down a bit, until finally one of the bloody puddlers landed a knockout blow on the head of his opponent who went down and out like a log and the show was over. Thank heaven! for the New York referee was no other than yours truly, the writer of these heroic deeds of the referees of the past.

* * *

WHAT remarkable thrilling and truthful tales could be told of the dazzling adventures and desperate risks the game old referees of the bare knuckle days ran, in officiating as ring arbiters!

What desperate chances old Dick Roche, Jim Keenan, Yank Sullivan, Billy Mahoney, Charley Johnston, Eph Holland, Harry Hill, George Siler, Jere Dunn, Jimmy Colville, Al Smith, Phil Clare, Jimmy Wakley, Bill Bradburn, Johnny Newell and a host of other fearless men took! They were worthy, upright referees in their heyday. Thoroughbreds who frequently risked their lives without any financial compensation whatsoever. Refereeing was a matter of honor and honesty in the old days and those who consented to act had to have nerve of iron to gamble with the ring side thugs.

Do Champions Have Nerves?

Jess Willard, the night before he clashed with Dempsey, jumped out of bed, went downstairs and turned off the gas that was heating the hot water boiler. He was afraid the house would burn down.

Jim Jeffries, the night before he fought Johnson, walked the floor all night long. He wasn't afraid of physical punishment, for no gamer champion ever held the title. He was just nervous.

Benny Leonard, when he entered the ring to battle four rounds with Willie Ritchie in San Francisco, said his legs refused to work right for the first three rounds.

Terry McGovern, when he fought Young Corbett the second time, was more worried over what names the Denverite would call him than he was of Corbett's punches.

Here Is Your Chance

With spacious quarters at our command, The Ring Publishing Company has decided to set aside a part of its space for a library. In this section none but boxing books will be found.

So many requests are made for information on boxing statistics, and so many Ring readers and boxing writers come to our office for information, that we feel we can help the sport and help our readers by placing at their command invaluable books pertaining to the sport.

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TEX RICKARD LONGS FOR ANOTHER DEMPSEY

(*Continued from page* 5)

THE RING a month ago, which was mighty interesting. It referred to the various stances which fighters assumed and traced the changes since the days of Daniel Mendoza.

"A few days after this story appeared, a local newspaper had an article on Jeffries and the writer told how Jeffries developed the crouch from Tommy Ryan. Tommy was a great fighter. He was a great teacher, but Tommy is given credit for something he didn't earn when writers refer to him as the teacher of the crouch to Jeffries.

"I WAS with Jeff one day out on the Coast and we referred to this famous stance of his. He showed me a clipping and remarked:

"I'm glad the boys are giving Tommy Ryan credit for developing the crouch in my fighting, but the truth of the matter is that he didn't. Johnny Brink, a business man from Los Angeles, taught it to me, yet Johnny is not known except in his own state."

And with that, Jeffries began to explain. Here is his explanation as he told it to me:

"The hardest punch given me while I was still a raw one in the fighting game, made a champion out of me. The blow was a terrific left hand drive that traveled only ten or twelve inches and sank with sledge-hammer force into my body. I saw stars. I was ready to swoon. I didn't know what hit me. I felt sick all over and was dizzy. Yet I saw the fellow coming towards me again to sink another, and fighting instinct told me that I must protect myself.

"The hurt from that blow, taught me how to do it. I bent forward, and then and there assumed the crouch which was one of my greatest assets and was my greatest defensive device in all my ring career. Also that punch against the liver which almost drove me mad, showed me the value of a left hand rip and from then on, I perfected both the crouch and the left and these combined, made me the world's champion.

"I had a great pal in Johnny Brink who found considerable fun in refereeing amateur bouts and some pro contests at the old Los Angeles A. C. Brink also put the gloves on occasionally and could give and take as good as the best. One day, Brink asked me to don the mitts with him at the club and Brink did his utmost to knock me out. I was only in my teens at the time, but that liver blow caused me to crouch as I faced Brink and I kept it going throughout our setto. Brink liked my new style and he encouraged me to use it and taught me the crouch without really realizing he was my tutor. Ryan was not the man who taught me the crouch but I must give Tommy credit for being the fellow to develop it in me to its highest efficiency."

"THAT is the story of Jeffries and his crouch," wound up Rickard, "and I'm telling it to you writers in almost the exact words of Jeff. You fellows may not know it, but Jeffries and Dempsey are my ring idols. Show me another man in heavyweight ranks who, built like Jeffries, could run a 100 yards in 10 1-5 seconds. Yes, you may laugh at that, but I timed Jeff and I've seen him on occasions tune up in his training with a run of a century, in 11 seconds, and that after an hour's workout.

"A remarkable fellow, this Jeffries—and with that Tex, back into a state of seriousness, wheeled his chair about, removed his cigar, turned towards a circle of scribes and with a sigh, wound up his interesting narrative with:

"What I would give for another Jeffries and Dempsey. Boy, a fight between two of this type right now, and I'd realize my ambition—a $5,000,000 gate."

A MEMORABLE CONTEST

HIS opponent struck without warning. There was no sparring, no feeling out. The big man just had risen to the plaudit of the crowd and was getting ready to give a grand exhibition of his skill and cleverness. When pow! He felt himself hit on the chin, while his opponent danced away, making a peculiar sound which got on the nerves of his antagonist.

The crowd applauded. It wanted to see that skill and cleverness, but the little opponent of the big man came back with a jab which made the blood flow.

Dismay was written all over the florid face of the big man. What to do? The crowd by this time was in a hubbub.

The big man lunged fiercely. He struck with his right, and he missed. He jabbed with his left, and again fell short of his quarry.

The crowd began to stamp and shout. The big man set hismelf for a new attack and sent forth a savage punch which, if it had found its mark, would have made short work of his pestiferous opponent.

But the small annoyer danced away. It seemed as if he flew on wings. He darted in again and, with a well directed jab as if with a needle, he raised a lump under the big man's eye. Again the little annoyer had drawn blood.

"Action, action;" the impatient crowd shouted. The big man was beside himself with rage. He punched again, and once more met thin air.

He lunged, he jabbed, he sent out a right cross, and missed again. By this time the crowd had become derisive. It was laughing!

The big man could stand it no longer. Grabbing a newspaper, he folded it neatly and then hit the small annoyer right on the whiskers.

The result was a fatality. He had killed his opponent A smile wreathed his face. The crowd cheered. The body of his annoyer lay a smashed mass, unheeded by the thousands in the big hall. There was no pity in the hearts of the enthusiasts gathered there. They cheered again.

The famous violin player at last had killed that mosquito!

And the concert went on!

Million Thrills When Leachie Fought Packey

THE third round of the Packey McFarland-Leach Cross bout at the old Fairmont A. C., in New York, years ago, brought a million thrills to the spectators and nearly caused heart failure to the East Side backers of the dentist fighter, who had backed Cross with all the money at their command.

Packey had all the better of the first two rounds. In the third he clipped Leach with a short righthander, and the New York boy went to the floor. He came up, his eyes rolling, and tried to stall his way into a clinch but McFarland kept him off, and dropped him with another stiff jolt.

Cross took the count of nine, then came to his feet, and this time managed to get inside, and lasted out that bruising round.

Through it all Leachey's backers were howling and shrieking for their man to stay the limit. They had believed him unbeatable and the ease with which the stockyards boy trimmed him was an astounding blow to them and their pocketbooks.

That Firpo Gag

FROM South America comes the so-called information that Luis Firpo, once the Wild Bull of the Pampas, has been offered three fights here and is about to come back.

A boxing enthusiast just back from the Pampas country says Firpo weighs about 300 pounds, and if he is coming back he will take about a year to get into something which resembles fighting trim.

The Wild Bull has had his fling. Let the Bull remain down there and keep selling his automobiles.

Complete course in Boxing for only $1.97. Our scientific methods cut time of learning in half. Teaches the blows used by professionals—Dempsey's Triple, Fitzsimmons' Shift, etc. Every blow illustrated. Also Wrestling, Jiu-Jitsu and History of Boxers. 6 big books—hundreds of pages. Send no money—see coupon. (Outside U. S. A.—cash with order.)

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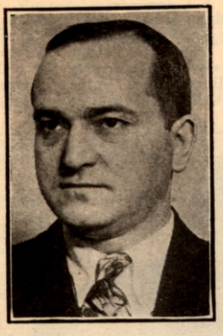


From Old Broadway

New York News and Gossip

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

WHILE there is a dearth of heavyweight material now that Gene Tunney is through with fisticuffs, the seven other divisions have perked up considerably in the last few weeks. We may expect to sit in at several fine treats before the snow flies.

With the possible exception of the middleweight division, titleholders and contenders in the light heavy, welter, light, feather, bantam and fly classes are bound to rake in plenty of "cocoanuts," meaning goldbacks. A fortune stares Mickey Walker in the face. Jimmy McLarnin should add thousands of dollars to his bankroll, and Young Jack Thompson, who recently created a furore by knocking out Joe Dundee, may get enough shekels to keep him in pork chops and watermelon the remainder of his life. If his manager were wise, he'd whitewash Young Jack because as a Negro menace, etc., he'll get nowhere.

There is no denying the fact McLarnin made the lightweight class the best attraction in it since Benny Leonard hung up his gloves. Although turned back by Sammy Mandell, who isn't so very much because he doesn't fight often enough, and hence no dope can be had on his standing, physically and competitively speaking, the baby-faced Irishman in his last two starts flattened Phil McGraw and Stanislaus Loayza like nobody's business.

Walker, whom we nicknamed the Toy Bull Dog—pardon our chestiness—came into instantaneous popularity following his kayo victory over Armand Emanuel in San Francisco. Mickey now wants to take a shot at champion Tommy Loughran, boss of the light heavyweight roost.

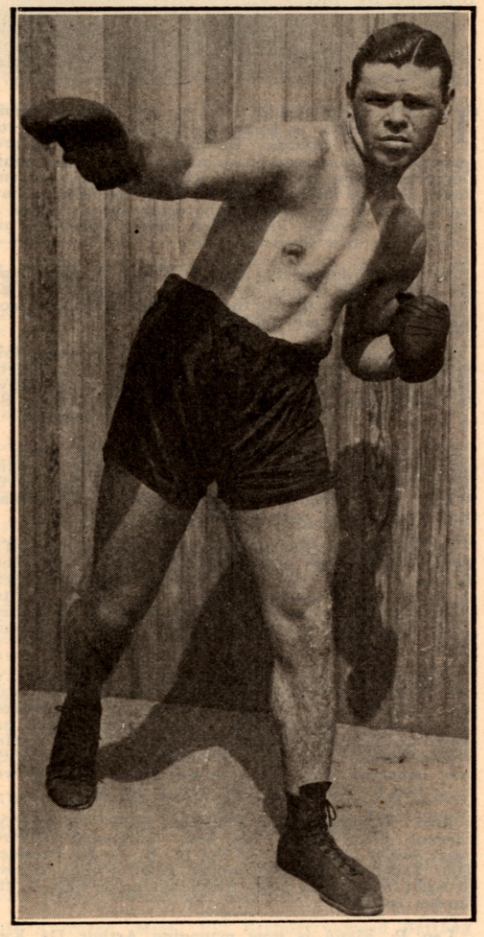
Wouldn't be a bit surprised if Walker floored Tomasso for the full count. When Mickey hits 'em they stay down. Walker told the writer during the course of a sumptuous dinner at his beautiful Rumson, N. J., home just before the Tunney-Heeney scrap that he owed his new lease on his pugilistic life to the wonderful training methods put into play by his manager, Perfumery John Kearns. Mickey swears by his sweet-scented pilot, and John McKiernan, Kearns' baptismal monicker, thinks Mickey could have licked Jack Dempsey in the Manassa Mauler's best days. Mickey is slowly but surely outgrowing the middleweight class and he may let his 160-pound title go by default.

UNDOUBTEDLY Thompson's sensational win over Dundee will put plenty of pep into the 147-pound class. Joe just can't get over one or two rounds when his pugilistic life is at stake. Lucky for him, Thompson came in overweight in the Chicago debacle. But we learn from an unauthoratative source that the colored boy scaled 143 but to satisfy Dundee's manager, the weight was announced as 148 pounds and two ounces. Thompson is a legitimate 140-pounder. It is now history that Thompson rocked Joe to sleep in two heats, Eddie Purdy, formerly of this city, intervening to save Dundee from being maimed for life.

Joe received $7,500. It will be recalled that during the latter part of 1925 Joe was knocked cuckoo by Eddie Roberts on the Coast. In a return meeting Ed floored Joe early in the milling, but Dundee came back like a house on fire and won the decision. Joe went on to dethrone Pete Latzo for the championship. Another big factor is Young Corbett the Third, who recently belted out Nick Testo.

Tony Canzoneri, bless his little fighting heart, is the cynosure of all eyes in the featherweight ranks. He is one of the greatest titleholders since the halycon days of Terry McGovern. Several pee wee lads are developing into menaces and before long Tony will have to look to his laurels. There is a three-cornered fight on for the coveted bantam laurels now that Bud Taylor has surrendered the mythical diadem—at least so far as the National Boxing Association is concerned. The trio who are having it out for the 118-pound honors include Kid Francis, the doughty wop; Al Brown, elongated Negro, and Bushey Graham. Corporal Izzy Schwartz is the undisputed flyweight king. His nearest rivals are Johnny Hill, the Englishman, who recently beat Newsboy Brown in London, and Frankie Genaro.

So why worry about the Beef Trust. Let them flounder around a few months and perhaps by that time they'll get tired and go to work. It may be another year or two before a real heavyweight king is crowned. That's a terrible bunch parading before the public eye at this writing. They are not worth a dime a dozen. No wonder Texy Rickard is getting grayer around the temples. If a real good big man doesn't show up mighty soon he'll have to replace his thinning hair with Bill Lyons' toupee.



Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion who knocked out Armand Emanuel.

THE outdoor boxing season, which is fast coming to a close, has been very disastrous. Two or three small clubs have made money, but for the most part, the summer has been very quiet for the performers. The Queensboro and Dexter Park can show figures on the right side of the ledger. For instance, a world's flyweight titular duel between Corporal Izzy Schwartz and Little Jeff, of Baltimore, drew the munificent sum of $2,200 at Rockaway several weeks ago.

Humbert J. Fugazy hasn't made a quarter thus far at Ebbets Field, but he has had his run of hard luck what with the weather and last minute changes in his cards. He made 15,000 on the Roberti-Risko scrap which made him smile for the first time in months. His last show in Brooklyn, featuring Paul Swiderski and Tiger Payne, grossed only $6,400.

Fugazy, however, is bound to make a small fortune steering Signor Roberti. The big Italian appears to have the goods, but he is still very raw, meaning he has lots to learn. The only time we saw him in action was against Phil Scott. He was winging in front up to the end of the sixth round when all of a sudden he stopped dead in his tracks and Philip came on to win with consummate ease.

We didn't see him against Risko but they tell us he was doing very nicely when the Cleveland Baker committed the unpardonable foul. Roberti unfortunately has a habit of claiming fouls. It will be remembered that he claimed fouls against Big Boy Peterson in Chicago and Ted Sandwina in Boston, respectively.

Fugazy is not Roberti's manager, but he has more than a rooting interest in him. Jack used to manage Jimmy Goodrich and he made plenty of money for the Buffalo Irishman. Fugazy is one of the old school of managers. Roberti recently had all he could do to whip old King Solomon.

PROMOTER RICKARD is still peeved over his loss of $150,000 on the Tunney-Heeney fight. He was for throwing out the radio, but in the last few days he has relented and will allow ringside descriptions of his Garden fights over the air.

The Eighth Avenue amphitheatre reopened for business September 6. Matchmaker Jess McMahon tossed in Johnny Squires and Young Stribling, preceded by several scrambles showing some new heavyweight faces.

One week later Young Corbett, the Fresno, Cal., Italian, made his debut against Sergeant Sammy Baker. September 20 was an open date. On September 27 Tony Canzoneri defended his featherweight laurels against the French gamester, Andre Routis.

TOM BOKDIN had us sit in at the opening of "Ringside," a very clever fight play which is doing big business at the Broadhurst Theatre. One of the three authors, Hyatt Daab, worked with us on The Evening Telegram several years ago when Nat Fleischer, publisher of The Ring, was our Sports Editor. Hy scribbled baseball. His dad, you will recall, used to put on semi-pro ball games in Hoboken, N. J., years ago.

"Ringside" is a knockout. One of the principals is little Packey O'Gatty, who spars with the star, Richard Taber, in the closing scene. There is plenty of humor, some fine acting and many dramatic episodes in the three acts.

There is the manager, who is a ringer for Leo P. Flynn, and the villain, who takes off a big gambler on the Main Stem. We have it on pretty good authority that Mr. Rickard is financially interested in the show. Gene Buck is the producer.

Take a peek at it. They tell us it has it all over the coming Jack Dempsey show. We shall see.

Jack Delaney, now free from mental worries, is back in earnest training and will soon toe the mark against the topnotchers in both the light heavy and heavyweight divisions. Tommy Loughran absolutely refuses to meet him, offering as an excuse a personal dislike for Delaney. That, to the Old Timer's way of reckoning, should make the closing of the match a very easy job.

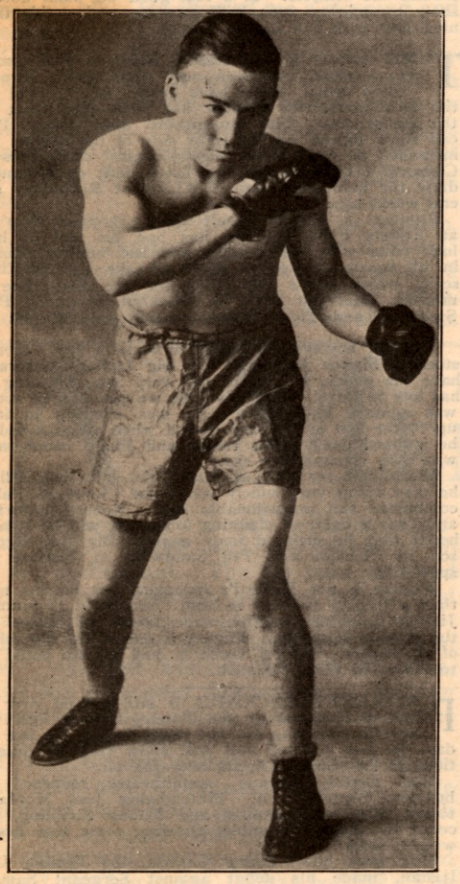
Talking about great prospects, don't lose sight of the fact that Harry Ebbets, Freeport Thunderbolt, who early in life was a choir boy, is coming along

like a blue streak. He is tentatively matched with Ace Hudkins. Wouldn't miss this fight for the love of money.

Right now he appears to be a real menace for the middleweight championship. The hurricane manner in which he turned the tables on Johnny Haystack and his 43-second kayo over Harry Dudley in the space of two weeks stamp him as one of the greatest punchers of all time. Some experts believe that in another year he will become the heavyweight champ. He is putting on weight. Another good match would be Ebbets vs. Phil Kaplan. A sweetheart!

JOEY GLICK has at last come into his own. The masterful manner with which he took Lope Tenorio into camp was a revelation. This was the second time he beat the Filipino. Glick believes he will beat Jimmy McLarnin and his manager, "Dead Pan" Harry Alberts, thinks its a setup. Glick is one of the best spenders on Broadway—buying theatre tickets.

Jack McVey, Harlem middleweight, still has his jinx with him. While belting Jock Malone about the ring in Chicago, the referee, Jack Hinen, suddenly halted proceedings and disqualified both men, alleging they were not doing their best. The Illinois Commission declared Heinen's act was uncalled for and not only censured him, but had the promoter fork over what was due the fighters.



Jimmy McLarnin, who is going like a house afire.

Pete Bernati, former assistant matchmaker at the Broadway, Brooklyn, is doing wonders as matchmaker for the Brooklyn Ice Palace. Bernati is averaging close to $2,000 weekly for his new talent shows consisting of ten fours.

Pinkey Silverburg, of Ansonia, Conn., who defeated Dark Cloud Bradley for the New England flyweight championship, is under the management of Johnny Herman, the beau brummel of 47th Street and Broadway. Johnny is trying to get his kid a shot in the Garden. What's the matter, Tom, are you "mad" on Mr. Herman. Open your heart and give the old boy a chance to parade his vest and spats in one of the Garden ring corners.

Harry Mendel, bike publicist and John M. Chapman's right arm, has amassed a small fortune staging popular priced shows at the Newark, N. J., Velodrome. His profits thus far total $40,000. The recent Tony Canzoneri-Bobby Garcia debacle drew close to $11,000 at prices ranging from 50 cents to $3. "Herschel" begged Chapman to go in with him, but John turned a deaf ear to his hireling.

"You stage the shows and pay me rent, understand, pay me rent!" Chapman commanded. Perhaps Chapman is sorry now, but he's not sore because Mendel is the apple of his eye and he wants to see him amass enough money to buy some valuable Newark real estate.

Harry was worth $15,000 before he went into the fistic promotorial racket. Before the outdoor session closes he may add another $10,000 to his bankroll. And next winter will find him putting on shows in the Newark Armory. Good luck, "Herschel."

Phil Krug, Harrison, N. J., middleweight, can't get work for the good reason that such boys as Harry Ebbets and Joe Anderson don't care to mingle with him. Handsome Will McCarney will throw him in with either Mickey Walker, Ebbets or Ace Hudkins the moment one of the trio signs on the dotted line.

Looks like Bruce Flowers is almost washed up. He has been beaten in his last four starts by Stanislaus Loayza, Eddie (iKd) Wagner, Lope Tenorio and Honeyboy Finnegan, respectively. Perhaps he has fought himself out, so to speak. Give him a rest and then let's see if he can put up the whirlwind battles of old.

Ray Alvis is Young Jack Thompson's manager. A year ago he was managed by Clyde Hudkins, brother-manager of Ace. There was some misunderstanding between Clyde and the fighter, and Clyde did the next best thing and sold his contract to a Negro sportsman in Chicago. We recall that Art Hudkins tipped us off on Thompson's fistic prowess eight months ago.

Young Stribling turned in a scintillating performance by stopping Johnny Squires, Jack Curley's protege, in two heats at the re-opening of the Garden. The show as a whole was a terrible bust. The gross receipts amounted to $17,000. Squires bet ter take the first boat back home. Stribling will get plenty of work hereforth.

It was no news that Tom McArdle succeeded Jess McMahon as Tex Rickard's matchmaker. Tom landed the berth two months ago. McArdle can't help making good because he knows his business thoroughly. Watch for some great matches in the Garden! Lou Brix and Joe Jacobs will be silent assistants.

Billy Gibson is Knute Hansen's manager. Make no mistake about that. If Knute can fight just a little Bill will get him plenty of dough. We're glad Gib is going o remain in the cauliflower industry.

TONY CARAGLIANO, young Italian junior lightweight, is bound to be heard from in the next ten months. He has won all of his professional fights, seven in a row by the kayo route. Caragliano won the Golden Gloves amateur tournaments both in this city and Chicago and was to have represented Uncle Sam in the featherweight class at the recent Olympic games, but illness prevented him making the trip to Amsterdam.

Isn't it a downright shame Benny Valger can't get work? He is one of the best lightweights extant but the menion of his name drives so-called "contenders" to the tall timbers.

Solly Seeman is back in the McCarney-Jacobs fold. Solly is now a big business man. He is proprietor of a cleaning and dyeing establishment in Brooklyn. In addition to cleaning up in the suit racket Sol is ready to start cleaning up the lightweights.

"Little Cutie" Frankie Genaro recently made a great hit in Chicago by the skillful manner in which he polished off Ernie Peters. Five years ago in the Windy City Genaro beat Bud Taylor. They want him back in Chi with champion Izzy Schwartz.

Pal Silvers is the makings of a great fighter. The Brownsvlle welter pasted the tar out of old Jack Britton recently. He is one of three fighting brothers. A fourth one is coming along by easy sages. Britton electrified a large crowd at the Queensboro by beating Tony Vaccarelli, but Silvers was a horse of another color.

Britton, however, can still go along picking up nice money. A stablemate, Jack Smith, former Yankee catcher, was rocked to sleep by Al Walker, Charlie Rose's heavyweight, in two heats. Smith had better go back to baseball. He won't do as a fighter. Walker comes from New Brunswick, Ga., where the late, lamented Tiger Flowers was born. Walker won on a foul in one round over Arthur De Kuh.

Jake Warren, Three-Fingered Jack Dougherty's Chicago heavyweight, has been designated "colored heavyweight champion" of the N. B. A. by President Tom Donohue because George Godfrey has refused to fight him. Jake beat Swiderski on a foul in the Garden recently.

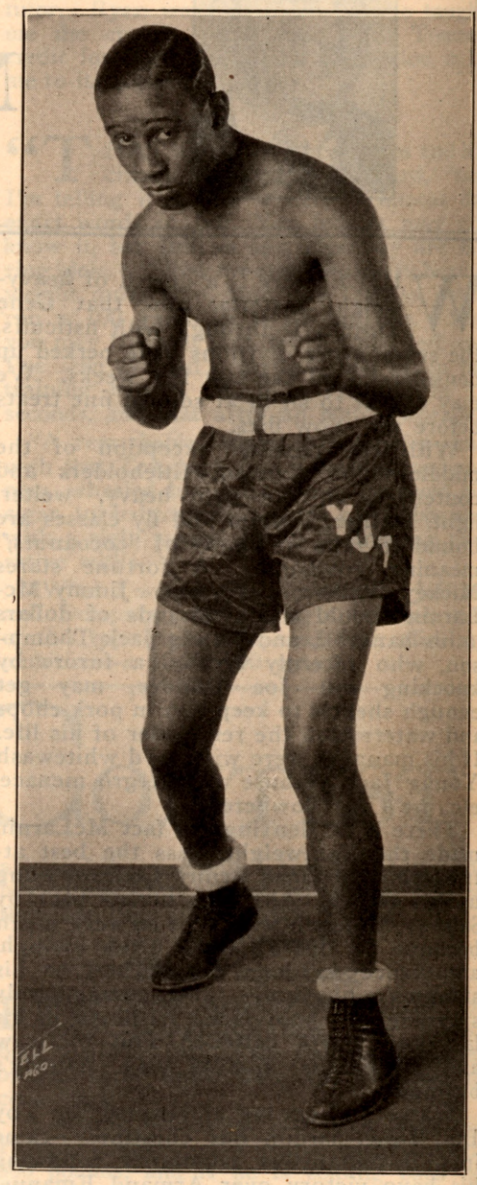
Leo P. Flynn is now managing Arthur De Kuh, the elongated Italian heavyweight. He is also picking up plenty of money with Tiger Payne, the Australian Negro.

AFTER his sensational kayo over Ruby Stein at the Queensboro a month ago Tommy Grogan took the first train out for Omaha, where he lives. He appeared at Detroit on September 7 against Jack Duffy, semi-final to the return tilt between Leo Lomski and Pete Latzo. Give us a Grogan-McLarnin battle. We'd go and see it on one leg.

Harry Alberts has a corking club fighter in young Georgie Goldberg, who hails from Brownsville. They say he is a pocket edition of Ace Hudkins.

Artie De Lucca, who hails from Irishtown, Brooklyn, has scored four knockout in a row. He is a lightweight. Keep your eyes peeled on him.

Do you remember when—Gus Amos sold horse radish outside the old Olympic Club in Harlem; Joe Jacobs graduated from the High School of Commerce; Bill McCarney wrote sports for a Philly paper and staged an alleged bull fight; Frankie Genaro drove a truck; Jess McMahon ran errands for a



Young Jack Thompson, recent conqueror of Joe Dundee

lawyer on 52nd Street and Broadway; Ike Dorgan peddled programs in a San Francisco club; Arthur Yende was a stenographer for Leo Flynn; Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch received $10,000 each in their second fight at the old Madison Square Garden; John the Baptist, Rickard's watchman, was handy with his fists in the wild and woolly; Pete the Goat hustled bets on Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue; Pete Reilly played semi-pro ball; Tom McArdle played second fiddle to Bill Gibson at the Fairmont Club; Jimmy Johnston carried his fight togs in his pants pockets; Joe Humphreys learned how to announce in the cellar of a Pittsburgh saloon; Charlie Harvey used to go back and forth to London every other month; Lew Diamond was a brakeman in the Erie yards before he met up with Johnny Buff; Lew Raymond did a bit of an act in vaudeville; Tex Rickard was a gambler in Goldfield; Dan Caplan was a boxing instructor; Jack Fugazy was a good lightweight after the Horton Law passed out, etc., etc. Some more anecdotes in the next issue.

Two prize hard luck scrappers are Napoleon Jack Dorval and Sid Terris. Both were scheduled to perform last month, but injuries forced them to hang up their gloves for the time being. The first named was matched with Jake Warren on the Stribling-Squires card, and Terris was all set to meet Phil McGraw for the third time. Dorval's left arm is still in bad shape and Sid's feet are on the well known fritz.

It remained for Baby Joe Gans to flatten Harry Felix. He did it in nine rounds recently.

Frank Casale is doing wonders with the rejuvenated Babe Herman. In Cleveland a couple of weeks ago the swarthy Portuguese continued where he left off by defeating Johnny Sacco. About a year ago Herman was taken by a clique of sharpers for a few "grand."

It may interest local fandom to learn that Jim Farley, chairman of the Boxing Commission, is now secretary of the Democratic State Committee. It will not be long now—we're touting Big Jim as a future governor. He is very close to Al Smith.

Charley Rose, like Jimmy Johnston, is doing very nicely with oldtimers. Rose is now the manager of Romero Rojas, better known as Roll Over Rojas. The other night in Montreal Romero stood up by his nickname by being knocked over by Eleazer Rioux, French-Canuck heavyweight. Rojas' name appears in almost every man's record—k. o. Rojas, etc. Arthur Yende, Jess McMahon's chief lieutenant, made a small fortune with the South American. Rose says he gets offers by the dozen for Romero's services. You can't blame Rose for throwing him in promiscuously.

Pierre Charles, Belgian heavy, has returned home for a much needed rest. His kayo at the hands of George Godfrey broke his heart. Gus Wilson pulled a monumental bone in this instance for the good reason that victory over the big Negro wouldn't have added much to Charles' prestige. Up to the time he faced Godfrey, Charles had been going great guns; his last important victory over Jack Dorval getting him plenty of publicity.

Paulino Uzcudun is back with us to pick up some more loose change. The Basque Wood Chopper yearns for a smack at Knute Hansen. Paulino is a very satisfactory performer, and who knows but that he will eventually chase his beezark rivals into obscurity.

Jess McMahon has resigned as Garden matchmaker to act in a similar capacity for the New York Coliseum. Some wiseacres report that Tex Rickard is the man behind the throne in the Bronx emporium and that McMahon is representing his interests. Ike Dorgan recently resigned as publicity director at the 50th Street amphitheatre. Gene Fowler replaced Dorgan.

ARTIE O'LEARY INSTRUCTOR

Artie O'Leary, former star lightweight of the East Side, and a brother of Young O'Leary, has been appointed boxing instructor at George Bothner's Gymnasium. Artie and his brother know the game from A to Z.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.
By ROCKY CONTI

PROFESSIONAL boxing in Rochester has been quiet since Mike Conroy, local heavyweight champion, knocked out Johnny Urban, but the amateurs have been going pretty good.

Jack Madison, one of the most promising young heavyweights ever developed in Rochester, is a comer. The writer is anxious to show Jack against the leading contenders.

Joey Manuel, local featherweight champion, finally lost a bout in two years to Al Racov of Syracuse Joey, who has participated in 28 bouts, has never been floored or defeated until he met Racov on a two days' notice.

Ray Wolford, local heavyweight sensation, who gave up the boxing game to be a milk peddler, is again craving for action. He has won 17 by the K.O. route.

Virgil Kincaid of Buffalo is another good youngster. He is a welterweight.

Billy Clark, veteran demon motorman, who now is in politics, is planning to return to the padded ring.

Dominick Angelo, who last winter was boxing as a welterweight, has grown to a full fledged light heavyweight. Angelo boxed in the finals in Boston two months ago and expects to turn professional in a month. He is managed by Sammy Porcelli.

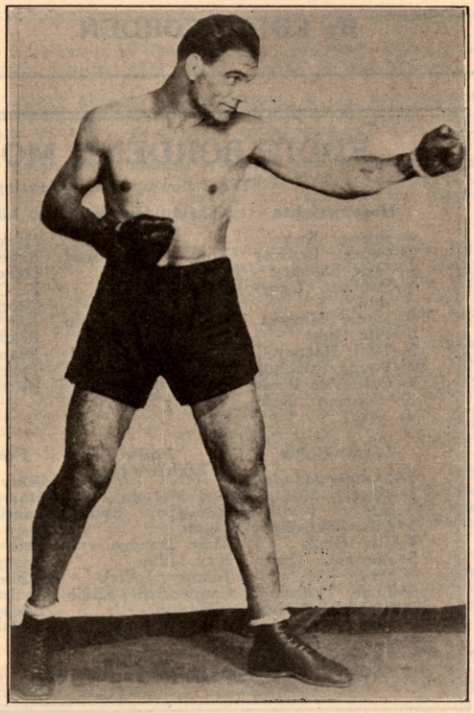
Ray Kahl of Auburn, N. Y., who a few years ago met some of the lightweight topnotchers, has opened one of the best gymnasiums in New York State in Auburn. He has the following boys working out every day: Frank Rice, Joe Marsh, Battling Zimmer, Johnny Evans and others.

Spider Ryan, veteran Auburn flyweight, who has been boxing for the past ten years, is still in good form. He recently boxed Frenchy Belanger and Steve Rocco in Toronto, Canada.

Jimmy Sullivan, Rochester's best amateur bantamweight, surprised the local fans when on the last amateur show promoted by Frank McCoy of the R. A. C. gave Tony De Carlo of Batavia a neat lacing.

Mike Rago is going to take a rest for a few months.

Dixie Kid, colored middleweight, has recovered from his long illness. Dixie hasn't boxed since he stopped K. O. Kelly of Akron, Ohio, in two rounds.



Roberto Roberti, Italian heavyweight who is making good.

MEMPHIS AND VICINITY
By EARL W. McGRORY

AFTER a layoff of several weeks, the Memphis Stadium was reopened for the fall season and a capacity crowd attended and was treated to one of the best shows ever staged in this city. In the main event, Frankie Dugan, the fighting Irishman, won a close decision over Louis Andrews. Other bouts on the card were: Young Russo stopped Joey Thomas, three rounds. Kid Springfield won decision over Young Stewart, eight rounds. Gene Martinella stopped Kid Pressley, four rounds.

At Jackson, Tenn., Leroy Dugan beat Paul Lang. Lang. On the same card Tarzen Leggett beat Dominic Ciarimito, six rounds. Walt Exum stopped George Hooper, two rounds.

At Aberdeen, Miss., Bill Branner won over Dummy McKinney in eight rounds. This was the second meeting of these men and the fans got more than a run for their money.

At the Hodges Field Bowl, Memphis, Dwight Friyer, of Little Rock, won on a foul from Basil Galliano in three rounds. Other bouts were: Jess Akers, Tupelo, Miss., won in eight rounds over Al Honey, New Orleans; Billy Britton won decision over Jimmy Cummins, eight rounds; Kid Pressley and Bill Treadway boxed four-round draw.

At Paris, Tenn., there are two promising looking youngsters in Battling Tim Hogan and Young Baxter Clark.

Other promising boys at Paris are Gordon Smith, Paul Hurt, Lon Looney, Kid Cates and Bill Clymer, welterweights, and Juicy Segal, lightweight.

B. C. Miller has been demoted from the matchmaking position at Hodges Field Bowl and in the future Jimmy Devant will make the matches.

At Aberdeen, Miss., Bill Branner stopped Battling Pyburn of Mobile in seven rounds.

In another good bout at the Memphis Stadium Johnny Cook of New Orleans stopped Honeyboy Snipes, of New Orleans, in two rounds.

Kap McGrory, Memphis featherweight, is in shape again and ready for any feathers in this section.

Other bouts in this section during the past month were: Memphis, Dick Clark defeated Joe Saia, eight rounds; Battling Stewart stopped Kid Pressley, first round; Kid Price stopped Battling Mitchell, third round.

Tupelo, Miss., Jesse Akers stopped Paul Sharpe, five rounds; Kid Griffin and D. Seed drew, three rounds.

Greenville, Miss., Tommy Fowlkes and Jack Kearney drew, ten rounds.

Greenwood, Miss., Joe Coffman, Jackson, Tenn., defeated Herbert Laurent, New Orleans, ten rounds; Tom Hambrick beat Big Boy Blanchard, eight rounds.

Corinth, Miss., Dominic Cianamito stopped Kid Wabash, six rounds; Tommy Fowlkes stopped Bobby Moore, three rounds.

Eddie Kid Wolf, local Jewish featherweight, has been going great guns lately. He beat Milton Manguna, Claude Wilson, Paul Steadman and others. Great things are expected of this youngster.

Matchmakers of all clubs in this section are requested to send in clippings of their shows to the writer, whose address is 899 Poplar Avenue, Memphis.

TRENTON FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

CHECKING his right hand with the boys in his corner in the second round after he had damaged the fur on Mickey Diamond's head in the opening heat, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton junior welter, gave a sparkling exhibition of left-handed punching to dazzle the South Philadelphia Italians and a large gathering of fans as he won by himself in the ten-round feature at Carnival Park in West Manayunk. Diamond took one round, two were even and the remaining rounds going to Murphy.

Two bouts were put on at the South Trenton A. A. outing, both of which were to be exhibitions, but Kid Shine got his chin in the way of a well-timed right in the opening heat, and the result was a K.O. chalked up for Seth Hopkins. In the other bout Joe Riordan and Babe Laird put on clever boxing exhibitions for six rounds with honors even at the finish.

For the second time in two weeks Joe Reno copped the decision over Jean Manjout at the Waltz Dream A. A. at Atlantic City.

Cliff Smith will open his indoor boxing arena some time this month.

Jack Murray and Eddie Nash are looking for a site centrally located for a new gymnasium. These promoters are going to organize gym classes for business men. The classes being arranged so as to not interfere with the boxers training. It will be most moderately equipped. Trenton is sadly in need of a gym of this kind, and the business men as well as the boxers will sure welcome it.

THOSE SURPRISE PACKAGES
(*Continued from page 9*)

He let go for Burns and gave him a terrific beating. But the Kid never stopped laughing despite split and bleeding lips.

"No black eye, eh!" he snickered.

DEMPSEY sort of surprised Willard at Toledo, Corbett kind of surprised Sullivan. Tunney rather surprised Dempsey at Philadelphia.

Yes, it's a game of surprise, this sport of boxing. Take nothing for granted inside the roped arena.

But that's small consolation for Joe Dundee, isn't it?

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

PLENTY of action that furnished the fight fans with thrills and food for gossip was shown during the month. Two outstanding accomplishments were Mickey Walker's knockout of Armand Emanuel and Young Jack Thompson's two-round kayo over Joe Dundee in a non-titular contest.

Robert Roberti was credited with a fluke victory over Johnny Risko, still the leading contender, when Risko was disqualified for an alleged foul in the sixth round of their battle at Ebbetts Field. Risko was winning and the foul claim made by Roberti does not in any way affect his standing.

Joe Savage was stopped by Roberti in two rounds later in the month. George Godfrey asserted himself majestically when he knocked out Pierre Charles, gallant Belgian, in two rounds and moved up the ladder. Godfrey, however, lost to Larry Gaines on a foul in the third round.

Young Stribling repeated his one-round knockout victory over Martin Burke and also stopped Jack Ryan in two sessions. Otto Von Porat, Norwegian contender, whipped Pierre Charles previous to the Godfrey battle, scoring a nine-second knockdown in the second round.

Chuck Wiggins, veteran heavyweight, started on a rampage by checking the winning streak of Les Marriner, the promising collegian, and followed up with knockouts over Joe Burke in four rounds, Carl Augustine in five heats and a victory over Jake Kilrain. Joe Sekyra outpointed James J. Braddock but was the loser on a foul to K. O. Christner in two rounds immediately after. Jim Maloney flattened Tony Fuente in seven rounds. Jack Gross disposed of Sully Montgomery in the first and Benny Touchstone finished Paul Hoffman in the fourth period.

Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Assassin, knocked out George Smith in four rounds and followed up with a draw with Maxey Rosenbloom, who licked Harry Martone before that. Pete Latzo scored over Matt Adgie. Charlie Belanger, Canadian titleholder, drew with Jack Roper.

Tiger Jack Payne, Australian champion, was disqualified for fouling in the seventh round of his match with Paul Swiderski, but was leading by a wide margin before the unexpected ending. Toughy Griffiths, promising youngster from Chicago, knocked out Del Fontaine in two rounds, Tony Marullo in the first heat and then whipped K. O. White. Roy Wallace whipped Johnny Mason and won on a foul over Joe Packo in seven.

MICKEY WALKER demonstrated beyond question his terrific hitting ability when he knocked out Armand Emanuel, brilliant Pacific Coast prospect, in seven rounds. The latest defeat eliminates Emanuel from any titular ambitions that he may have had and boosts Walker's stock considerably in his quest for a Tommy Loughran match.

Rene De Vos, Belgian aspirant, scored over Babe McGorgary. Dave Shade outpointed Joe Anderson.

K. O. Phil Kaplan knocked out Jack Palmer in six rounds. George Courtney bested Dick Evans. Frank Moody turned in an impressive performance when he flattened Tommy Milligan for the complete count in the first round in Scotland.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo veteran, trounced Wolcott Langford. Jock McVey and Jock Malone took part in a no-contest bout which lasted eight rounds and McVey came back to whip Lew Scozza.

Harry Ebbets, Freeport Thunderbolt, came through with a vengeance with his hitting powers and knocked out Johnny Haystack in two rounds and Harry Dudley in the first. Jack McKenna, Canadian champion, whipped Joe Zink and knocked out George Allen in the fifth round.

YOUNG JACK THOMPSON, Pacific Coast colored phenom, earned an enviable spot for himself when he knocked out Joe Dundee, the champion, in two rounds. Dundee still retains the title but Thompson looms in the limelight as the conqueror of the champion. Jack also flattened Eddie Dempsey in four rounds during the month.

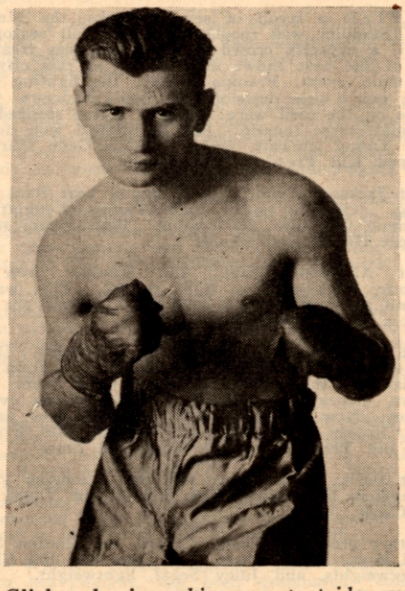
Young Corbett, another Coast product, got into the limelight by his five-round kayo over Nick Teso. Jackie Fields, still another native Californian, was returned the winner over Pete Meyers by a knockout in four rounds.

EDDIE BORDEN'S MONTHLY BOXING RATINGS

The following are my ratings for the month ending August 1:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
1—Johnny Risko	Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Joe Dundee	Mushy Callahan
2—George Godfrey	Leo Lomski	Rene De Vos	Young Jack Thompson	Baby Joe Gans
3—Jack Sharkey	Pete Latzo	Dave Shade	Young Corbettt	Ruby Goldstein
4—Paulino Uzcudun	Jimmy Slattery	K. O. Phil Kaplan	Sammy Baker	Jackie Brady
5—Knute Hansen	Maxey Rosenbloom	George Courtney	Al Mello	Freddy Mueller
6—Phil Scott	Charley Belanger	Ace Hudkins	Jackie Fields	Harry Wallach
7—Tom Heeney	Armand Emanuel	Frankie Schoell	Tommy Freeman	Murray Elkins
8—Young Stribling	Tiger Jack Payne	Frank Moody	Nick Testo	Sammy Vogel
9—Otto Von Porat	George Manley	Jack McVey	Jack Hood	Tom Kid Murphy
10—Roberto Roberti	Toughy Griffiths	Harry Ebbets	Andy DiVodi	Tommy Herman

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
1—Sammy Mandell	Tod Morgan	Tony Canzoneri	Bushy Graham	Izzy Schwartz
2—Jimmy McLarnin	Honeyboy Finnegan	Harry Blittman	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Billy Petrolle	Mike Dundee	Santiago Zorilla	Teddy Baldock	Johnny Hill
4—Joe Glick	Ray Miller	Joey Sangor	Archie Bell	Midget Wolgast
5—Manuel Quintero	Johnny Jadick	Pete Nebo	Fidel La Barba	Steve Rocco
6—Lope Tenorio	Cannonball Eddie Martin	Rosey Stoy	Al Brown	Newsboy Brown
7—Stanislaus Loyza	Leo Kid Roy	Eddie Shea	Young National. ista	Willie Davies
8—Jack Kid Berg	Sammy Dorfman	Andre Routis	Pete Young Firpo	Emile Pladner
9—Tommy Grogan	Sammy Fuller	Benny Bass	Joe Scalfaro	Ernie Peters
10—King Tut	Al Foreman	Bud Taylor	Benny Schwartz	Speedy Dado



Joe Glick, who is making great strides among lightweights

Al Mello whipped Canada Lee and knocked out Charley Donovan in eight rounds. Gorilla Jones, a colored citizen from Akron, Ohio, furnished an upset by whipping Tommy Freeman, but Jones is a middleweight, which prevents him from placing in the 147-pound rating.

Izzy Schwartz turned in three knockout victories during the month. He flattened Felix Martinez in three, Little Jeff in four and Frisco Grande in the eighth. Frankie Genaro outpointed Ernie Peters at Chicago. Johnny Hill, English flyweight crack, outpointed Newsboy Brown in London. Willie Davis won over Jose Allano while Speedy Dado stopped Pinky George in the second session.

Andy DiVodi drew with Joe La Grey. Jack Britton, venerable former titleholder, whipped Tommy Dunn and Tony Vaccarelli but was halted by Pal Silvers, who won the verdict over him. Jack McTiernan, runner-up in this year's National Amateur Championships, came through in his first pro start by whipping Eddie Savage at Cleveland.

Baby Joe Gans whipped Joe Trabon and knocked out Harry Felix in the ninth round. Freddy Mueller knocked out Joe Stone in the tenth round but was beaten by Ray Miller at Deroit. Tommy Kid Murphy won over Mickey Diamond and Paul Pirrone bested Tommy Milton at Cleveland.

SAMMY MANDELL, skillful king of the lightweights, turned in a knockout victory over Johnny O'Donnell in eight rounds. Jimmy McLarnin, determined contender, stopped Stanislaus Loayza, the Chilean, in the fourth session.

Billy Petrolle stopped Jack Berg in the fifth round and whipped Jack Kane. Joe Glick came back strongly when he whipped Lope Tenorio and scored a one round knockout victory over Jose Garcia

Tommy Grogan stopped Ruby Stein in four rounds and Fernando Fiorello in the first. King Tut won over Ray Miller.

Maxie Strub outpointed Jack Duffy, then drew and was beaten by Eddie Kid Wagner. Babe Herman returned in the lightweight ranks and beat Steve McDonald, was credited with winning over Jack Kane on a foul in the seventh round and followed up with a victory over Louie Nemis. Davey Abad, Panamanian youngster, now fighting as a lightweight, whipped Jimmy Davis, who came back and drew with Mike Waters at Chicago.

Honeyboy Finnegan, Boston southpaw, appeared to have regained his old form by whipping Bruce Flowers and Johnny Jadick. Mike Dundee scored knockout over Bobby Herman in three rounds and Tony Escalentes in the tenth. Al Foreman outpointed Jimy Hackley.

TONY CANZONERI recovered his form when he knocked out Bobby Garcia in the first session at Newark, N. J. Harry Blittman, outstanding contender, also came through with a one-round knockout triumph by winning over Len Brenner. Santiago Zorilla turned the tables by finally winning over Joey Sangor. Pete Nebo won over Dixie La Hood.

Eddie Shea bent Benny Kid Carter, but was beaten by Rosey Stoy at Lancaster. Wildcat Carter, a colored comer from Portland, Oregon, defeated Ignacio Fernandez. Vic Foley drew with Knud Larsen, Scandinavian invader. Phil Zwick outpointed Tommy Ryan and Al Singer, a great prospect from New York City, scored four-round knockouts over Burris Springer and Pancho Dencio.

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Heard and Seen In and Near Chicago

By FRANKIE ("MITT") MASTRO

THE general opinion among the experts seems to be, although Tex Rickard is the foremost promoter, Jim Mullen of Chicago is a close rival. The first named is a showman and arranges a striking and vivid representation. Mullen is a fight promoter who deals in socks. Every Thursday evening at the Mills' stadium one of his shows can be seen and you seldom see a better one.

The west side punch bowl is playing to huge houses weekly. During the month of August the Les Marriner-Chuck Wiggins windup drew around $26,000; the Pierre Charles-Otto Von Porat main event attracted about $25,000, and the Billy Petrolle-Jack Berg topliner drew around $28,000. Mullen passed two dates up during the same month.

A suitable foe could not be obtained for Cowboy Jack Willis of San Antonio, Tex., Aug. 16. Jim kindly stepped aside and catered to the Parkway club on Aug. 30. The colored organization were scheduled to go the 29th, but were drowned out. Mullen gave them his date and postponed the scheduled Rene De Vos-Cowboy Jack Willis encounter for the following Thursday night.

Earl Mastro and Joey Medill, crack Chicago boxers, are back from a successful invasion of the west coast. They met the best on the Pacific slope and showed to good advantage in all of their tilts.

Johnny Patton of the Hawthorne greyhound track was one of the most surprised of the spectators who saw Young Jack Thompson knock out Joe Dundee in two innings at the Sox park.

Paul Beeler's photographer, Bill Burkhart, took exclusive pictures of Dundee and Thompson before the fracas, and of Thompson after the abrupt ending.

Bobby Allen, local bantamweight, has a new manager. Barney Abel, veteran pilot, will guide Allen in future ring engagements.

According to reports from Los Angeles, Joey Sangor of Milwaukee should have received the decision over Santiago Zorilla in their ten-rounder at the City of Angels the latter part of Aug. Advices had it that Sangor, who was a 2-to-1 favorite to defeat the latter, won a majority of the rounds.

Mushy Callahan, world's junior welterweight champion, will camp on this territory indefinitely. Trainer Al Lang is here with the popular title holder.

"SOLDIER" Mickey Farr has two boxers who have records to be proud of. The boys referred to are Joey Patrice, 131-pounder, and Eddie Balltain, 145-pounder. The former has only lost four tilts in eighteen engagements and Ballatin just saw the verdict go against him in two bouts out of thirteen professional starts.

The two Indian fighters on the local reservation, Roy Peters, a bantamweight, and Ernie Peters, a flyweight, are crowd-pleasers and the fans like to watch them in action. Both are aggressive and can hit hard with either hand.

Sammy Dorfman, eastern junior lightweight, and manager Joe Jacobs are scheduled to leave Europe for these shores some time this month.

The Jock Malone-Jack McVey no-contest tiff at the American Giants' baseball park came up for hearing at the offices of the Illinois athletic commission and the commissioners decided both boxers were doing their best and played them accordingly Referee Heinan was the third man in the roped square and he was hotly criticized by the experts of this city for his removal of Malone and McVey.

Tuffy Griffiths of the west side celebrated the opening of fights at the Logan Square ball park this season with a kayo over Tony Marullo, New Orleans light heavyweight, in one round. Tuffy stopped Del Fontaine of Canada in a previous contest.

The Midway Gardens remained dark on Sept. 3. Promoter Mique Malloy, who stages shows every Monday night at the south side punch bowl, could not find a suitable headliner for that date.

Prince Saunders, Eddie Long's young featherweight star, made his professional bow with a win over the experienced and crafty Sonny Lloyd. Prince, a former C. A. A. U. title holder, looks like a good prospect.

MIKE Dundee of Rock Island made a big hit with Dayton, Ky., ringworm by scoring knockouts over Bobby Herman and Tony Escalantes, both of Los Angeles, Cal.

Spug Meyers, Pocatello, Idaho, 138-pounder, is here after taking a four months rest at home. He will be booked for matches from this city.

Archie Bell, Brooklyn bantamweight, is going good once more. His galstone operation some weeks ago has put him in first class condition.

Promoter J. L. Art of the Hippodrome arena has decided on a new policy and instructed Matchmaker Joe Coffey to pair only the cream of the fighters for the bi-monthly cards on the north side.

Featherweight Champion Tony Canzoneri looked good while bowling over Bobby Garcia in one stanza.

Marty Galagher, Washington, D. C. heavyweight, is going good in this locality. He defeated Art Malay and K.O.'d a local giant in appearances here.

Eddie Mack, Boston promoter, was in the loop seeking the services of Young Jack Thompson, Otto Van Porat and Tuffy Griffiths for shows to be staged in the Hub city this winter.

TIM McGRATH, veteran handler of fighters, who some years ago managed Jack Sharkey, sailor heavyweight who fought Jim Jeffries, is still looking after the ring career of Cowboy Jack Willis. Tim retired from the fight game until a year ago, when he first took Willis under his wing.

In the cowboy he discovered a two-fisted walloper, and McGrath was pleased with Jack's fighting style. Since the San Antonio, Tex., middleweight came under Tim's management he has made a good record. Middleweight Champion Mickey Walker, Joe Anderson, Mike McTigue, Rene De Vos and Bert Colima are some of the good ones Wilis has met.

Owen Phelps, Sam Pian's Phoenix, Ariz., 160-pounder, is going great guns in this section. He has boxed the best in the middleweight division and Pian is pointing hs protege toward a championship match wth Walker.

Tommy Cello, west coast lightweight, is being handled by Eddie Long in Chicago. The first named, who is a classy performer, has tackled the best in the 135-pound division.

Ernie Peters put up a pleasing fight opposite Frankie Genaro at the Hippidrome arena. He is a fighting fool and the topnotch flyweights continually sidesttep the Indian battler.

Eddie Shea, west side Italian featherweight, is fighting in great form. He defeated Tony Ascensio and Rosy Stoy at Philadelphia. Shea also beat the latter again in a bout later at Lancaster, Pa.

Ernie Owens, Pacific slope light heavyweight, made a big hit with local fans by knocking out Larry Johnson and Oscar Baker.

Earl Mastro, Joey Sangor, Lew Sangor and Art Winch enjoyed their Tiajuana, Mexico, visit while on the coast.

Murray Layton, New York 128-pounder, likes Chicago. He has been instructed by Manager Sol Gold to start training for pending bouts here.

Cecil "Kid" Como, Shreveport, La., showed his draw with Harry Dublinski was no flash in the pan by winning the decision over Sammy Ward, Houston, Tex., featherweight, on the north side.

Plum White, colored lightweight of South Chicago, is seeking a match with Jimmy Mollette.

Advices have it from California to the effect that although Bushy Graham, New York state's titleholder bantamweight knocked out Joe Lynch and defeated Charley Pinto, he didn't look so good. Word was sent later that Graham was ill.

Jack Hurley's new heavyweight, Jack Zubel, looked to good advantage while stopping Romero Rojas at Duluth, Minn.

MICKEY Walker trains and resides at Hopkins' ocean beach resort for his combats in and around San Francisco. Manager Jack Kearns makes the Whitcomb Hotel his headquarters while in the Seal city.

Jack Renault, the Canadian heavyweight, formerly of the Leo P. Flynn stable, wants a fracas with Otto Von Porat. Jack Wren, who at one time assisted Flynn in the management of his boxers, is still handling Renault.

Earl Mastro is wanted back in California by Western promoters. He made a lot of friends there by his pleasing milling against Fidel LaBarba, Trip Limbaco, Huerto Evans and Johnny Montoy.

Eddie Shea also licked Benny "Kid" Carter in this city.

Lew Kirsch, New York 135-pounder, announces, through "Goldie" that he is ready for engagements in this vicinity once more. In his lone appearance here last winter the eastern star made a good showing.

Pal Moore, veteran Memphis 118-pounder, is out with a defi to the best in the bantamweight class.

Santiago Zorilla, the San Blas 126-pounder, and Manager Wirt Ross are scheduled to arrive in the loop this month to make their headquarters here for the winter. Pedro Amador, the lightweight fighter of the stable who lost a decision to Jack "Kid" Berg early in the outdoor season, is coming with them.

Willie Pelligrini, former 118-pound titleholder of the Central A. A. U., is showing plenty of promise in the professional ranks. He handed Jimmy Bell lots of leather in his pro bow and followed that up with victories over Bobby Allen and Jack Hanley.

Allen wasn't under the wing of Barney Abel when Bobby met Pelligrini, however, and the veteran pilot thinks his bantamweight will "take" Willie in a return trip.

Roy Peters, who beat Charley Genaro for his third win in a row, is also out with a challenge to Pelligrini.

WAD WADHAMS, matchmaker for the Olympic auditorium in Los Angeles, wants to rematch Earl Mastro and Fidel LaBarba. Mastro made a good showing against the more experienced LaBarba and had the former flyweight king well marked up at the finish while he came through without a blemish.

Matchmaker Joe Coffey pairs the cream of the amateur talent for Promoter J. L. Art's boxing shows under the Auspices of the C. A. A. U. every Friday evening.

Jimmy Gardner, Jr., son of the former welterweight boss, turned professional at one of Mullen's Mills' stadium fight programs. Long thinks he has the makings of a champion in the youngster.

Like all fight managers, Tomy Walsh has a spot to fall back on in case he doesn't receive action for his boxers elsewhere. Fort Benjamin Harrison, in Indianapolis, is the spot refered to and Capt. Howard Clark is the matchmaker.

Jack O'Keefe of the west side is wondering why local glove-wielders are ducking his middleweight from Cleveland, "Jewish Jack" Herman. The latter has boxed some of the best fighters in and around the Ohio city, acording to O'Keefe.

Dud Taylor, former bantamweight ruler who gave up his crown to mingle with the 126-pounders, is ready for action once more. He was on the shelf for two months due to injuries received in ring battles.

Walter Madey, local heavyweight, boasts two knockout wins over Paul Pantaleo, sensational young puncher and formerly C. A. A. U. champion.

FRANKIE SCHOELL, Buffalo 150-pounder, made his debut under the Mead & Lewis banner opposite Welcott Langford at Bison City. The last named was advised, by his doctor, not to take the match because of an injured eye.

Fred "Windy" Windsor, veteran California pilot of fighters, was here with two of his youngsters, Bobby Herman and Tony Escalantes. Windsor is the fellow who discovered Jack Dempsey and later sold hi mto Kearns.

Lew Mariner, who was defeated but not disgraced in his battle with Chuck Wigins, will ask Mullen to rematch him against the veteran Indianapolis heavyweight.

Pierre Charles, who took a severe lacing from Otto Von Porat in a tilt on the west side, is said to have been softened up by the latter and that is why he succumbed to the mauling giant, George Godfrey. In the Belgian's American record there are wins over Napoleon Jack Dorval, Chuck Wiggins, Arthur DeKuh, Bud Gorman, Tom Squires and several lesser lights. The foreigner is a two-fisted fighter with plenty of steam in his punches.

A report was received from a reliable source that Joey Sangor will hang up the gloves before next year' comes along.

Jackie Fields, former Chicago boy, has outgrown the junior welterweight division and is being pointed toward matches with the best of the 147-pounders.

Word drifted in from New York that Ruby Goldstein, backed by the Father Knickerbocker mob, is willing to guarantee Mushy Callahan $25,000 for his end in a title fight. Callahan is not one to overlook offers like that if they are bona fide.

Mark Fisher orchestra leader and vocalist, and Cesar Patrillo one of the trombone wielders in the former's band, were two of the most enthused fight fans at the Marriner-Wiggins proceedings.

Harry Ebbets, Freeport middleweight, scored three straight kayos in sensational fashion. He got up off the deck to stop Harry Dudley in a round. Harry also bowled over Laddie Lee in one frame and Johnny Haystack in two.

Jimmy Davant, who is matchmaker of the Bluff City A. C., bulletins from Memphis, Tenn., that Frankie Garcia arrived from Havana with the Cuban featherweight championship and he will handle him for ring work in this country.

Harry Fierro, 115-pounder of this vicinity, is still fighting.

News From the State of California

By THERON FISK

LEGALIZED boxing will not pass out of California without a fight, be assured of that. The boxing clan have organized and the leaders are busy spreading the good word in behalf of the sport.

Telegraphic reports that the American Legion turned 'thumbs down' on the game at their state convention at Stockton were erroneous.

The resolution committee agreed to support the present law by a vote of 10 to 8, said Tom Gallery, matchmaker of the Hollywood Legion club and man who presented the resolution; and we consider that our first victory."

The various clubs, boxers, managers and all connected with the game have stepped forward with a donation of 5 per cent of their earnings to a working fund to save the pastime. The result so far shows a sizable campaign purse with which to put down the efforts of the group trying to wipe out the racket.

Several weeks remain until the November election and hot climax is expected. Many smart political observers of our state foresee an overwhelming victory for boxing.

The last of the Hollywood rookie crop of main eventers are back in the preliminaries as a result of Young Nationalista's three round knockout of Jimmy Piela.

Piela, Red Humphries and Jackie Carr as top-spot caliber, were short by a long shot. One must tip his hat to Tom Gallery, Hollywood manager and matchmaker, for giving the kids a chance.

John L. (Ike) Dorgan, having cashed in his chips as one of the old guards of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, will shortly visit San Francisco, the city of his birth and youth.

Ike has been one of Rickard's closest aids since Tex first entered New York and took over the old Madison Square Garden being in charge of the publicity department as well as an advisory member of the matchmaking committee.

Ike will return here with a stable of fighters.

Dutch Meyers, who has been in Chicago with his string of fighters most of the summer, hopped back home just long enough to second his Mexican middleweight, Bert Colima, to victory over Roy Moore at Hollywood.

Dutch bought the contract of Iron Mike Hector, middleweight. Meyers was loud in his praise for the Windy City. He has great hopes of establishing Ernie Owens, heavyweight and Sandy Garrison, featherweight, as cards there.

Jimmy McLarnin has been enjoying a much needed vacation at his home in Vancouver. Jimmy's fame and fortune has brought comfort and happiness to twelve little Irish brothers and sisters and a mother and father whom he thinks the world of.

Following McLarnin's knockout victory over Stanislaus Loayza at Detroit, I chanced to read an amusing article—(at least amusing to me)—crediting Sammy Mandell world's lightweight champion with the statement that Jimmy was a 'one-way fighter' and anything but a hard puncher. However, Sammy failed to explain why he back-peddled for 15 straight rounds against Jimmy who he claims is not a hard hitter.

This kind of criticism of an opponent by Mandell recalls to memory a like remark dropped by Bud Taylor about three years ago that McLarnin was 'right hand crazy.'

Fighters setting themselves up as critics is not uncommon in boxing but it shows bad judgment if you care for my opinion.

Jimmy, in spite of the criticism hurled his way by fighters, managers and newspapermen alike, goes merrily on his way to greater fame and fortune and is today the fistic idol of the world.

We out here know Jimmy McLarnin as a terrific puncher with either mitt and the most scientific and pleasing boxer in the game today.

The East knows Jimmy only as a puncher.

The well laid plans of Fidel La Barba, retired flyweight champion, Standard sophomore and recent bridegroom, took one on the chin as a result of Bud Taylor finishing second to Santiago Zorrilla at the new Dreamland, San Francisco.

Following the Zorrilla Taylor shindy, which was one of the most savage and hardest fought battles on record, Bud returned to Los Angeles and sought out the most competent plastic surgeon in town to repair the damage done by the flying fists of the little Chocolate Soldier.

Taylor rather half-heartedly signified his intentions of hanging up the old gloves.

Back to La Barba, Fidel and his quite-mannered manager, George Blake, figured the summer vacation would give them just time enough to engage in three fights, a tune-up then Taylor and Bushy Graham respectively and if victorious, Fidel could return to school with a cinch claim on the bantamweight title.

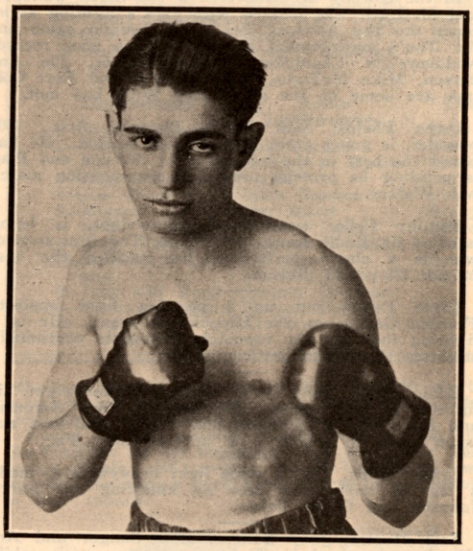
With Taylor out, matchmaker Wadhams sought one Earl Mastro, the best of a poor lot. Mastro has just arrived in company with Joey Sangor, which seemed qualifications enough for some unknown reason.

Mastro proved a game kid and a likely prospect but had no business in the ring with La Barba. Matured strength and experience won, as is usually the case.

Bushy Graham next arrived on the scene and made himself strong with fans in winning over Charley Pinto who had just beaten Johnny Vacca in one of the biggest up-set of the summer. Graham, however, lost considerable of his easy earned prestige the following week against the veteran California Joe Lynch whom he knocked out in the 7th round but looked anything but a champion in doing it.

As we prepare to go to press, Graham and La Barba are set for their little squabble, an overweight shindy for some reason or other.

Ace Hudkins has changed his mind again and will stay around home a little longer in hopes of landing a fight with Rene DeVos, Belgian middleweight. The



Jackie Schweitzer, sensational New York featherweight.

Olympic management have the Belgian under contract but are experiencing difficulty in finding suitable opponent and date. Close friends of the Wildcat say he can no longer make the welterweight limit and that a fight with Joe Dundee is out of the question. Let Jackie Fields take care of Dundee.

Two corking fights, one at 'Frisco, t'other at Los Angeles, rounded out the best month, fistically speaking, that our little community has enjoyed this year.

Referring to the Joey Sangor, Santiago Zorilla fight, at the Olympic and the Mickey Walker, Armand Emanuel shindy, at Recreation Park, San Francisco. Both drew well. Zorilla beat Sanger and Mickey K.O.'ed Armand.

Incidentally Promtoer Ancil Hoffman's show set a new high gate for 'Frisco to shoot at and the Olympic was a complete sellout, somewhat of a novelty these lean days of gate receipts.

Tommy Hughes, veteran Cleevland bantamweight won an unpopular decision over Alfredo Imperial, Filipino fighter at San Diego. Ringsiders, however, agreed with the judges.

Pete Sarmiento, former favorite, arrived in San Francisco in steerage of the S. S. President Lincoln to attempt to rebuild his depleted fortune in the ring.

Sarmiento is said to have squandered a fortune of $150,000 on loud colored roadsters, gaudy suits and shirts and ten cent dance halls. Pete lived only for the day....and now.

The Main Street Gymnasium, Los Angeles, has taken on an appearance that catches one's eye a block away as a result of a thorough decorating job which has been going on during the wee small hours when most people sleep.

Neat frames have replaced the old flying and gaudy banners to announce who is training and when. Pictures of boxers and boxing caricatures in glass enclosures line the entrance and stairway.

Just to add a little humor to the page allow me to announce that Jack Doyle and Morrie Cohen, Los Angeles and Pasadena promoters respectively are staging heavyweight elimination tournaments.

Dean Snyder, Jack Boyle's demon publicity hound has added another vote for boxing, John Joseph is his name and he weighed in at nine pounds.

Myron Bradley, 12 years old of Cleevland, writes requesting me to send him an anti-boxing pamphlet. I don't know of any pamphlet the foes of boxing have put out, Myron, but if you will go down to your public library, I am sure that you will be able to find the Los Angeles Examiner or San Francisco Examiner, maybe both. These two papers have been waging a bitter fight against the sport on the editorial page for several months.

Myron also states that he is working on a scrapbook which he started just prior to the first Dempsey-Tunney fight. Says, he is now on page 563 and that it contains nothing but news and pictures of boxers and boxing.

Some day your scrap-book will be valuable as a guide and record book, Myron.

Thomas Swinhoe of Windsor, Canada, has sent his son Billy to California to box under my management. Billy comes from fighting stock, his uncle Kid Williams, was lightweight champion of England. Billy weight 135 and will be known as Billy Hoe hereafter.

Jack Dempster, a budding young Irish heavyweight is also here from Canada fighting under my management. I am more impressed with Jack's ability and spirit than his name and will probably change it.

The knockout of Armand Emanuel by Mickey Walker, in the seventh round of their ten round battle, was one of the biggest upsets in this state this year. Few figured that Emanuel would be laid low, but many thought he was stacking up against a fellow who would best him because of the style Mickey employs. Mickey's stock rose sky high as a result of the victory and Emanuel,—well—his dad has learned a lesson. Had he waited and taken Tex Rickard's advice, he would have remained idle for the summer and cleaned up a fortune by fighting Loughran for the title in New York. Now it seems, Mickey has first call.

The bout itself was a corker with Mickey showing at his best.

Mickey made a successful entry into the light-heavyweight ranks by handing Armand a bad lacing; when he scored a sensational knockout with the same spectacular attack that helped him win and hold the welterweight and middleweight titles in turn, Mickey Walker punched Emanuel out of the 175-pound class, temporarily at least.

Two short right-handers did the trick. The first time it landed, Emanuel reclined on the canvas for nine seconds. He got up groggy, and during a hard exchange in which he tried to regain ground bumped into another right to the jaw that put him out for the full count. Handlers had to help him to his corner and he was dazed long after reaching his dressing room.

K. O. Christner, Akron heavyweight, stepped into the limelight by winning from Joe Sekyra on a foul in the second round.

The annual amateur show in Youngstown was a big success this year, bringing out some real comers for the pro ranks and giving the people some real exhibitions.

Promoters that have received no reply to letters written the writer of this column are requested to please pardon this discrepancy. Mail just piled up in masses last month, and made it impossible for me to comply with all requests. Will continue to try to do all I can, though, if you'll still try to get me at 100 Penn ave., Salem.

IN GALVESTON, TEXAS

By B. SPROULE

AT the last two shows held by the Galveston Busi-Men's Athletic Association the results were as follows:

Show held July 30th: Kid Kober won over Carlos Garcia on a foul in 5 rounds; Bill Podraza won the decision over Bobby Fernandez in 12 rounds; Babe Dare and Ray Alatorre drew in 6 rounds; Babe Arizmendi won over Skeets Baker in 6 rounds;

Show held August 24th: Kid Kober won on a technical K.O. over Nobe Cervtantes in 9 rounds; Joe Montana won on a technical K.O. over Jimmy Wayne in 9 rounds; Pedro Guerrero won the decision over Johnny Harrington in 6 rounds; Kid Laguna and Soud Virgadamo draw in 6 rounds.

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Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

BOXING in Europe has been exceedingly dull during the months of July and August, and it has received a well earned rest. The Olympic Games of this year no doubt were responsible for the slump. The boxing competitions carried on in connection with the Olympic Games were about the worst managed affairs that I have ever known of, and they were the only blot on the otherwise fine Olympiad.

Neither the United States nor Great Britain managed to obtain a first place in the competitions, not that they were not entitled to one or two each, but through the incomprehensible decisions of the so-called judges. Fighters from both nations that appeared to have won on their merits were shut out.

From the first to the last day of the boxing, there were continuous free for all fights going on in the audience. The police could not handle the situation. In one of the semi-final bouts Daley, of the United States, had a big advantage over Isaacs, from South Africa. The judges, however, decided that Isaacs was the winner.

Immediately there was a riotous scene. Donnybrook fairs never had anything on the disorder that followed the verdict. The situation became quite serious and finally the judges reversed their decision and awarded it to Daley.

Many other incidents such as the above happened, which will probably lead to the dropping of boxing from Olympic competitions. It will be too bad if such comes to pass, when all trouble was caused such comes to pass, when all the trouble was caused by a lot of inexperienced so-called boxing officials. The official winners according to the officials in the classes are as follows:

Flyweight—A. Kocsis (Hungary).
Bantamweight—V. Tamagnini (Italy).
Featherweight—L. van Klaveran (Holland).
Lightweight—C. Pistulla (Italy).
Welterweight—E. Morgan (New Zealand).
Middleweight—P. Toscani (Italy).
Light Heavyweight—A. Avendano (Argentine).
Heavyweight—A. R. Jurado (Argentine.

ENGLISH NOTES

GYPSY DANIELS, after his decisive victory over Jack Stanley, issued a challenge to fight Phil Scott for the heavyweight title of Great Britain. It took the "Gyp" the full fifteen scheduled rounds to whip Stanley, but he accomplished the job in a business like manner. A little more aggressiveness on the part of Daniels in the earlier rounds might have terminated the fight before the limit had been reached. Stanley was down twice in the fourth session, but the "Gyp" was not steady enough to land a decisive blow.

The entertainment which was given in the open air on the Harringay greyhound track attracted a very fair sized crowd. In addition to the main bout there were three scheduled twelve-rounders. Joe Rolfe (Bermondsey) knocked out Harry Craig (Chelsea in five rounds; Joe Bloomfield (Islington) beat Billy Adair (Bethnal Green) on points; and Bert Cannon (St. George's) defeated Alec Graham (Rochester) in four rounds.

Billy Boulger, of Canning Town, defeated Jean Gregoire of France on points after fifteen rounds of hard battling at the Blackfriars Ring. The latter is a very clever bantamweight, and the winner had no easy task defeating him.

Ted Broadribb, recognized as one of the leading fight managers of Europe, is planning a trip across the ocean with his three aces. Ted, it will be remembered, brought Jack Hood, welter king of Great Britain, Alf Mancini and Teddy Bladock over last year, and this year contemplates going to the States with Hood, Mancini and Harry Corbett, three of the best drawing cards in England. Hood has made great progress in the last six months and can hold his own against the cream of his division anywhere.

According to reports here, Broadribb has received an offer from Jess McMahon, Garden matchmaker, to match Hood with Sergeant Sammy Parker Nick Testo or Young Corbett, recent conqueror of Testo, and will accept. If he beats his first opponent, it is planned to pit him against the welter king, Joe Dundee.

Harry Corbett is one of the greatest little fighters England has turned out since the days of Owen Moran, Jimmy Wilde and Jem Driscoll. He is a wizard on his feet, a sharp shooter and a heady boxer who carries a good punch. He will be a crowd pleaser from the start in America, and from what I've seen of him he should give Tony Canzoneri and Benny Bass, America's two featherweight aces, the battle of their career. Don't be surprised to see England carry off the world title.

Ted Sandwina the German heavyweight, met a Belgium fighter at Premierland named Henri Vendevyyer. The latter knew little about the game, but Sandwina did not have enough behind his punches to land a knockout blow. The bout, which was scheduled for fifteen rounds, terminated in the fifth session when the "Belge" thought that he had enough and retired. The work displayed by the German was of a high class order.

In another scheduled fifteen-round bout between Young Bill Lewis (Bethnal Green) and Lew Pinkus (Mile End), after a hard fight the referre called it a draw. The other fight had Young Jackie Brown (St. George's) and Gideon Potteau (Belgium). Brown looked as if he would win in a few rounds, but the Belgian was able to take all that was handed to him until the end of the fifteen rounds. The decision went to Brown.

Alec Lambert, who trains and looks after a number of boxers, is very emphatic on the subject of boxers, in the preliminary classes who claim to be such-and-such a weight, but who actually enter the ring many pounds over weight. He suggests that all preliminary fighters should be weighed just as well as the "stars," and that the weights should be announced from the ring. Alec is right.

It is unfair to place a genuine weight boxer against another from ten to fifteen pounds heavier, which is frequently the case in the English slubs. Action will probably be taken on the suggestion made by Lambert. In France the preliminary lads are scaled just the same as the "stars," therefore a proper value can be put on the competitor's display made in the ring.

Johnny Hill, clever little Scot, won the decision over Newsboy Brown of New York in a fifteen-round bout on August 29. Hill is the British and European champion at 112 pounds.

The bout was clean and hard fought from the first gong and the American was dangerous right up to the last second. The final rounds turned into a terrific slugging match with Brown trying for a knockout which was his only chance of overcoming the big lead on points that the clever Scotsman had piled up in the earlier frames.

Hill had the advantage in nine of the fifteen rounds. Brown took four and two were even.

The newsboy's fast footwork and clever dodging before his lanky opponent pleased the crowds and drew many supporters among London's East End fight fans to the American.

In another bout scheduled to go fifteen rounds, Johnny Curley of England won from Sandy Shack, American bantam, in the seventh round, when Shack was disqualified for fouling.

Tom Berry, the former cruiser-weight champion, has been in Belgium for the past few months. He expected to return to England during September, and look up another fight with his old rival, Gypsy Daniels, whom he has defeated twice, but in the third meeting he met with defeat.

Harry Crossley, the Mexborough cruiser-weight, has been winning so frequently during this year that his manager, Billy Bridgewater, is finding it difficult to get matches for his man. Crossley stands ready to take on any at the cruiser poundage in Europe, or any of the big fellows at ceach-weight.

Mickey Hill, the English featherweight, received a point victory over the Belgium, Frank Machtens, in a fifteen-round contest fought at the London Ring.

Hereafter in England, when boxers are disqualified for fouling, no part of the purse will be turned over to them. The money will go into the Boxers' Benevolent Fund, and the violators will be reported to the Boxing Board of Control. There has been a clause in the British contracts stating that a disqualified boxer will receive no payment, but the National Sporting Club has been the only organization to enforce the ruling heretofore.

Fouling has become so frequent in the past few years in England that drastic steps had to be taken to curb the same. There is no better way of accomplishing same than by withholding the share of the purses of the contestants.

Len Johnson is looking for action. He is anxious to make 11 st. 6 lb. for a match with Harvey, Frank Moody, Alex. Ireland or Jack Hood.

Ernie Rice, the old featherweight champion, is looking for an opportunity to meet Sam Steward for "The Sporting Life" belt and £100 aside.

Ernie Jarvis, the old-timer, met Terrence Morgan in a fifteen-round fight at Blackfriars Ring, and Referee Joe Bowker, to the surprise of about all hands in the house, called the contest a draw. The display made by Jarvis was so poor that the crowd kept calling out "poor Ernie." Morgan, who is a very snappy little battler, had at least ten of the sessions by a big margin, and the crowd was stunned when Bowker declared a draw.

At the same entertainment Taff Lewis (S. Wales) beat Alf. McBride (Purley) on points after twelve slammy sessions. Bill Robins (Bethnal Green) defeated Teddy Bennett (Kings Gross) after ten slashing rounds, and Young Green (Hounslow) beat Phil Watts (Edmonton) in six rounds. Weights are seldom announced for the preliminary bouts in the English competitions, and the customers do not know what class the battlers fighting are in.

There was a fine contest at the Alcazar, Edmonton, between Archie Sexton of Bethal Green and the clever Belgium, Harry Mouha. It went until the middle of the last, the fifteenth round. Up to that time there had been little between the two. Sexton having after the tenth round, perhaps, just a shade the best of matters in each session. The Belgium kent in for a ding-dong final stanza in the fifteenth. He received a stiff one over the heart which sent him down for a count of eight; when on his feet he received four to the jaw, which practically had him out on his feet, then the towel came in.

The runner up was a fifteen-round schduled two-minute bout between Freeman (Battersea) and Seaman Harrod (Burnham-on-Crouch). After a fine contest the award went to Freeman.

There is a German welterweight, Franz Kruppel, who is doing very well in England. He has met several of the best at the weight and he has held up very well.

Boxing has been going very well during the summer months in the Provincial towns, and although the returns paid for bouts did not come up to city prices, the boys had lots of opportunity to keep in a bit of shape and receive compensation while doing so.

Open air boxing in Scotland has been going big this year. At the Moody-Milligan fight which was held in Glasgow, there was a gate of over 40,000.

Jack Glaze, one of the old Birmingham boxers, died in England recently. In his young days he was a member of the former famous Birmingham Club. He was known as being absolutely fearless. When Frank Slavin, in his memorable fight against Jem Smith, was wrestling for a fall, a rough hit Slavin over the head with a knuckle duster. Glaze took the fellow in hand at the ring side and administered a terrific beating to him. Glaze had hosts of friends who will miss the old fellow.

ITALIAN NOTES

ONE of the big Itlian boxing sensations recently was the forfeiture of the heavyweight championship by Bertazzolo. The cause of same was a severe case of illness. The Boxing Federation will conduct a series of tryouts to find a successor to the popular former champion.

Jack Walker (alias Leon Jacovacci), the former seaman on an American Man-of-War, received a decision over the Italion Bosisio in a bout held in Rome, which was for the championship.

Henry Furst, the well-known boxing manager and promoter, is putting lots of his time into the game in Italy. He expects to see several good developments, especially in the lightweihts, in the near future come out of the land of sun.

IN FRANCE

With the closing of the Jeff Dickson's arenas for the summer months, boxing was practically dead in and around Paris.

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DETROIT AND VICINITY

By M. McINTIRE

At the Fariview A. C. on July 30 Benny Valger hit too hard, was too fast and was too clever for Sammy Morgan of New York City. Referee Sam Hennessy stopped the fight in the seventh round and gave it to Valger.

In the semi-final of six rounds Babe Manilla of Linton, Ind., knocked out Bobby Purdee of Toledo in one minute and ten seconds of the first round. Purdee took the fight on short notice, however, and was not at his best. Bobby substituted for Henry Daley of Columbus.

Joe Kelly, Detroit welterweight, easily defeated Willie Devanney of Scotland in six rounds. Kelly is a former amateur and should be heard from.

In the best fight of the night Frankie Mack of New York defeated Johnny Milke, Detroit lightweight in four rounds. Milke won the first round, but that was all.

In the four-round opener Kid Fraser, Grosse Point flyweight, handed Mickey Moranda, Detroit, six pounds and a lacing. Moranda weighed 118, Fraser 112. Fraser made a wonderful showing against his heavier opponent.

Pal McDonald, Southern welterweight and middleweight champion, is here and "Raring to go." McDonald is going to force a fight when Billy Stob. McDonald owns a very good record. Among his knockout victims are Tommy Jones, Bobby Mariott and Ponce De Leon. He holds decisions over such boys as Billy Alger and Johnny Manilla.

At the Olympia on August 8 Jimmy McLarnin, Los Angeles, scored a pretty knockout over Stanislaus Loayza of Chile. In the fourth round Jimmy shot several good lefts and had Loayza groggy. Then in came a right that carried DYNAMITE, and down went Loayza. At the count of eight he arose to one knee, shaking his head and spitting blood. He grabbed the ropes, walked a little way, on hands and knees, and then crashed to the floor—out.

In the semi-final of eight rounds Johnny Datto, Cleveland featherweight, shaded Patsy Ruffalo of Detroit. The Detroit boy gave a good account of himself when he elected to box, but when he tried to slug with Datto he was outclassed.

In the best fight of the night Soldier Dombrowski, Detroit featherweight, won the decision over Johnny Franks of Marked Tree, Ark., but that was all.

In a return fight Don Burchard, Detroit lightweight, knocked out Eddie Speaks of Chicago in the third round. In their previous meeting Speaks got the "duke."

Charlie Lupica of Toledo held Al Tripoli, the hard hitting New Yorker, to a draw in the six-round opener.

Pete Firpo has gone back into training for a hard winter's campaign. Little Pete has been working out regularly at the Grand River A. C., which is something he rarely does.

At Mack Park on August 6 a pretty good show was held, including forty rounds of boxing.

Jack Story, Detroit welterweight, earned a decision over Freddie Middaugh of Toledo in a great ten-rounder. It was a return fight, Middaugh having previously beaten Story.

In the other half, Fritz Anderson, Detroit welterweight, easily defeated Tony Lombardo, Toledo southpaw, in ten rounds. Anderson won all but two rounds.

In the semi-final Babe Manilla, Linton, Ind., barely eked out a victory over Pete Migris of Porto Rico.

Johnny Dodge easily defeated Freddie Schroeder of Toledo in a six-round preliminary. Dodge is a Detroit boy and should be heard from.

A great comeback entitled Frankie Mack of New York City to a draw with Russel Schram, local lightweight.

At Mt. Clemens, Nick Melsky, Detroit welterweight, scored an impressive eight-round victory over Adam Helzer of Mt. Clemens.

In the semi-final, Pete Borth, Detroit, and Jack Lehot, also of Detroit, fought a return match. This was their third fight. Lehot made a better showing than in their second meeting, but again lost.

At Royal Oak, Jimmy O'Brien, hard-hitting Pontiac welter, knocked out Bert Shultz of Royal Oak in exactly 55 seconds of the first round.

In the semi-final, Johnny Manilla of Linton, Ind., fought a spirited six-round draw with Armand Pringle, Ferndale featherweight.

At Flint, Jimmy Powers, Flint middleweight, repeated his previous feat by again knocking out Frankie Clore of Detroit in the tenth round. There were only five seconds left to the round after Clore had been counted out.

In the semi-final, Mel Tipton, Flint, and Joe Lydon, also of Flint, fought an interesting bout, with Tipton winning after eight rounds. They are welterweights.

Don Burchard, Detroit's great lightweight, stopped Al Russel of Pontiac in the third round of a scheduled six-round contest. Burchard fought a good fight.

Wilbur Chevelier, Flint 120-pounder, and Bobby Dempsey of Brooklyn fought a good bout, with Chevelier having a shade.

Lee Hardy scored another knockout. "Kid" Thomas of Toronto did not last the first round with the walloping Detroiter. Lee smashed hard rights to head and body, and the Kid just had to call it a night, as he could not get up.

At Mack Park on August 13 the Fairview A. C. staged an all star show.

In the main bout Homer Le Blanc elected to slug with the hard hitting Carlo Mazzola, and this cost him the fight after ten rounds of good milling. Homer won the third and fifth rounds with a good left jab to the face. When Homer elected to box Mazzola elected to catch.

In the semi-final, Ernie Taylor of Toronto and Frankie Murphy of Scotland fought a very good eight-round bout. The Scotchman did not save his punches, let me tell you, he gave very many. He also received quite a few.

Sammy Reed, substituting for Cass Rycer, and Red Allen fought the best fight of the night for five rounds. In the first round Sammy knocked Allen down for the count of nine, the bell saving him. The next round saw Reed taking a count of nine. In the next round he went down for counts of three and two respectively. The fifth saw Allen knocked down for the count of ten.

Franklin Young, Detroit flyweight, killed his jinx by beating Kid Fraser of Grosse Point in six rounds. They fought in the amateurs two times with Fraser winning.

Ellis Sikora, Detroit middleweight, shaded Jack Brown, alos of Detroit, in the six-round opener. Sikora was the better boxer, but Brown landed the harder punches.

At Mt. Clemens on August 14, Soldier Jack Deshone, Selfridge Field welter, evened the score with Adam Helzer of Mt. Clemens, giving that young gentleman a trouncing in eight rounds. The fight was a good one, although the Soldier did have a big advantage.

Johnny Dodge, Detroit lightweight, stopped Pete Marguis, Chicago, in the third round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup. Dodge was giving Pete a bad beating when the latter's seconds tossed in the towel.

Pat Calahan, Detroit, made short work of Harry Palma of Mt. Clemens by knocking Palma down for the count in the first.

Elmer Anderson, Detroit welterweight, knocked out Jack Vanhavenback of Saginaw in the third round.

Russel Schram, Detroit lightweight, finished the second step in his comeback by beating Wally Walker of Detroit. About two months ago he was knocked out in one round by Paul Dexter.

The Palma brothers broke even. Bob Palma defeated Kid Unieskie of Mt. Clemens in the opener of six rounds.

Franklin Young, Detroit's wonderful colored flyweight, who has just defeated Jimmy Harvey and Genaro Pino, figures he is now ready to meet the best. Young weighs around 108, which is usually a handicap to him. He held Joe Ingles to a draw. Ingles weighed around 118. Frankie also boxed K. O. Morgan a no decision bout. He has only lost two fights in 25 contests. Pino weighed five pounds more than he did, and Young pasted the Cuban. Franklin is under Jimmy Brady's management, and is open to fight any one in the world at 112.

At Saginaw, Roy Williams, Chicago negro, knocked out Bob Bryant, Topulp, Miss., in the third round. Roy floored Bryant several times before the knockout.

Walter Majeski, Saginaw welterweight, won in a fast eight-round semi-final over Matty McNeal of Detroit. This fight was chock full of action, but lacked knockdowns.

Len Sinski, Saginaw, knocked out George Wagner, Carrolltown, in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout.

Johnny Misco, Saginaw, walloped Charley Turpin of Cincinnati on the chin with a hard right in the third round, and Turpin went down, completely out.

At Jackson the Veterans of Foreign Wars held a show with the following results:

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis, knocked the skids from Carl Augustine, "The St. Paul Assassin," in the fifth round. Freeman Billy Freas, Grand Rapids boxer, did not give his usual good fight, and was held to a draw by one George Anthony of New Orleans.

Jimmy Smith, Detroit's elongated left jab artist, jabbed his way to a decision over Tony Ross of Toledo in ten rounds. This, in my opinion, was the best fight of the night.

Hi Bonney, Lansing middleweight, easily defeated Larry Courter of Mt. Pleasant in the opening six-round bout.

Tiger Kelly of Montreal, who recently defeated Louis ("Kid") Roy, Young Harry Willis and "Kid" Lebrun, is here and he will fight Nick Melsky in the near future.

Franklin Young can't see why he is not given a chance to get in the front ranks. On July 4 he went up to Sault Ste. Marie, where he walloped the tar out of Genaro Pino, flyweight and bantamweight of Cuba.

Through the courtesy of Jack Nugent of Lansing, Mich., I have been able to get the results of the fights in Lansing, Jackson and vicinity.

The Detroit fans always want Stanislaus Loayza back. He always puts up a good battle. In his fight with McLarnin he stood up and fought with McLarnin, my idea of a real fighter.

The Detroit fans got a peep at George Godfrey at the Grand River A. C. on August 25. George is as big as ever. He worked out with Tom Sayers and Billy Paterson. He just toyed with both of these boys.

At Mack Park on August 20, Billy Stob was Scheduled to defend his State title against Jack Story, but Story broke his hand in training and could not go through with the match. Andre Anderson of Mackinaw City was substituted. Anderson weighed 152. Stob won easily over Anderson.

In the semi-final of six rounds, Red Allen easily defeated Sammy Reed. In the second Allen had Sammy down for the count of nine.

Leo Lanahan, "The Highland Park Flash," defeated Johnny Parks of Springfield, Ill., in six rounds.

It took Phil Curro, Detroit featherweight, just one minute of the first round to knock out Teddy Franks, also of Detroit.

At Pontiac Tommy Lane, Toledo featherweight, won a ten-round decision over Jimmy Russo, Tommy McGinty's Cleveland star. The decision was loudly booed.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Bobby Young of Pittsburgh won the decision over Mickey O'Hara of Detroit in a hard scrap.

In the other bouts Leo Knopp, hard-hitting Toledo welterweight, was held to a draw by Danny Barry of Pittsburgh. It was a six-rounder. Knopp did not look so good as in his last losing fight with Tommy (Red) Bragon of Toronto.

Red Homer, Pontiac, drew with Bud Anderson of Detroit, and Vern Rogers, Pontiac, defeated Johnny Freddericks in the four-round bouts.

Byron Foutts, Midland, Pa., manager, is now handling Andy Tomosky of Pittsburgh. Byron now has three main bout performers. The other two are Frankie Porto and Boo Ryan.

Hereafter managers and fighters who write to me had better put a stamp or a stamped envelope in or they will not be answered. With the pile of mail I have before me, it is getting expensive to buy the stamps.

At the Olympia on August 24. The results follow:

Clarence Rosen, Detroit featherweight, was stopped for the first time in his career by Pete Firpo of Detroit. It was the first time Rosen had ever quit to a man, and he probably would have quit sooner only for his lion heart. It was his first victory in six. Firpo looked real good. The first time Rosen scored a knockout, the second Rosen won the decision, the third, fourth and fifth were draws.

In another ten-rounder, Ray Miller, Chicago left hook artist, bent Freddie Mueller of Buffalo.

Another return bout saw Soldier Dombroski wipe all doubt as to who is the better, Johnny Franks or himself. This time the Soldier won by a T.K.O. in the fifth round.

Carlo Mazzola, slugging Detroit Italian, won by a knockout over Matty Cordes of Boston in the third round. Matty substituted for Joey Ingles.

Mike McNulty has a very good stable now. Moike is managing Harry Foley, heavyweight; Billy Peterson, light heavyweight; Johnny Franks and Ted Moranda, featherweights.

Charley Moore sure has a gang of fighters. Charlie manages Tommy Sayers, Gordon Smith, Bobby Richardson, Tommy Pollock, Alex Woods, Don Burchard, Billy Stob, Lee Hardy, Ward Sparks, Carlo Mazzola, Bobby Young and Bobby Dempsey.

Max Hanlon has a good welterweight, Jack Story, "The Fighting Conductor." Jack works every day as a street car conductor on the Jefferson line. Story is one of our leading welterweights, and Detroit should be proud of this boy.

Sam Hennessy gets more work than any other referee in Michigan. Sam handles all of the bouts at Mack Park and the preliminaries at Olympia and Navin Field. He also referees in other cities of Michigan.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

THE Maple Leaf Stadium was the scene of a heavyweight boxing "tragedy." "Coffee Cooler" George Godfrey and "Snowflakes" Larry Gains put on a sad, sad act of cute love taps and fond embraces. Chairman Murphy, of the Athletic Commission, advised the referee to get more action. Godfrey got a "wiggle" on in the third and plastered Gains, and was just about to administer the quietus when a right uppercut to the "button" landed low, and Gains fell in a heap. The referee refused to commit himself, and called for the doctor, who announced that Gains had been fouled. The referee then gave his decision to Gains.

The next smack on the "beezer" came from the commission. Godfrey and his manager went to collect their share, something like $5,000, and were informed that Godfrey had been fined $2,500 bucks for the unintentional foul. "Whew, what a belt that was" for an unintentional foul.

Cliff Graham, now regarded as an old campaigner, rocked Artie McCann of Philadelphia for six heats to win the verdict. Marty Gold of Philadelphia knocked out Ernie Brooks. Bobby Booth, Toronto, hung a "canvas-cleaner" on Joe McCarthy. Alex Hart was given the award over Bob Sugrue.

After a lengthy layoff boxing again resumed in ancient Quebec City. Vic Foley and Ralph McNaughton drew a big crowd. McNaughton closed Foley's eye with a southpaw belt. He won the fight, but the verdict would have been better if a draw had have been announced.

"Slitkin and Slotkin" worked very hard in connection with the show, and their efforts were largely responsible for the big crowd.

Tom Flanagan, former Toronto promoter and manager of Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, was married in Toronto recently to Miss Gertrude Huycke.

Jack McKenna of Sydney, Nova Scotia, continues to improve under the direction of Eddie Mead. McKenna scored a victory at Indianapolis recently.

The next card in Toronto will be headlined with Steve Rocco and Marty Gold, who made such a good showing at the recent Maple Leaf Stadium card. Rocco is a big attraction in Toronto.

Ernie Taylor, former amateur Toronto flyweight champion, turned pro and journeyed to Detroit, where he fought a draw with Al Murphy in eight rounds. He is managed by Lou Apthether of Toronto.

"Red" Bragan, welterweight is also under contract to Apthether.

"Frenchy" Bellanger, Oriental-eyed Toronto flyweight and former flyweight champion, has resumed training again in preparaiton of a return battle with Steve Rocco, the present Canadian champion. The last bout was a "lulu."

Vic Foley turned the tables on Ralph McNaughton at Quebec. Foley made no "bloomers" with the verdict this time, and McNaughton's best friends admitted that their idol had been fairly beaten.

Phil Murray, former Toronto featherweight, has the comeback "bug," and is "leathering" himself into shape again for the winter. Phil was a real good performer.

BOXING IN CUBA.
By MILTON BARON.

Havana, Special Correspondence.

THE boxing game here is gradually getting better. Preparations have begun to make the coming winter the greatest boxing season in the history of Cuba.

Juan Cepero, leading lightweight, managed by the popular Pepe Conte, is hankering for a crack at the title now worn by Jack Santiago. Cepero has won his last four fights by the K.O. route.

Ramon Perez, Cuba's best bantamweight, finds it hard to get bouts as none of the boys in town care to step in the ring with him. Perez has met such good men as Black Bill, Genaro Pino, Pablo Blanco and Angel Diaz, the ex-featherweight champion, whom Perez dropped five times in eight rounds.

Jose Arguelles continued his winning streak by knocking out Kid Salgado in six rounds. Arguelles is a mighty fine prospect.

Nicasio Varela scored a two-round knockout over Secundino Ramos, who claimed he had been butted, but the referee did not see any fouls. Ramos floored Varela in the first round.

Martin Perez, known here as "El terrible cocinero" (The Terrible Cook), was an easy victor over Felipe Pujadas in six fast rounds.

Manuel Alonso, alias Hilario Martinez, wone a four-round decision over Eduardo Forcade.

Dativo Vuentes, who once held the featherweight title as an amateur, later making great strides down south, seems to be on the downgrade. He recently was knocked out by Alberto Leon, a novice.

Saturnino Tiberio scored a five-round knockout over El Panadero.

Adolfo Font, previously with "Heraldo de Cuba," is now sporting editor for "El Pais."

Frank Cruz is a good little performer. He looked mighty good when he recently knocked out Al Benitez in one round.

Saturnino Tiberio also scored a one-round knockout over Vidal Pimienta, and added another victim to his list by knocking out Kid Duran in the first round.

The Iberia Club, where Cuba's best boxers train, is a high class gymnasium. Mr. Pineiro, the president of the club, is quite popular.

Antonio Diaz, light heavyweight, is in Tampa, Fla. He is a fast, hard punching and game slugger.

Jose Garcia, little Spanish featherweight, put up a corking battle with Kid Alejo. They are both hard hitters, aggressive and game.

Charlie McAvoy is getting up a good stable of fighters. He can be seen daily at the Iberia Club training his boys.

Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney fight pictures were put on here at the National Theatre.

IN THE PHILIPPINES
By J. A. ADEA

JOE HILL'S second appearance in Manila was not as impressive as his debut. He faced Kid Johnson, featherweight and lightweight titleholder, for what was scheduled as for the lightweight championship. The Buffalo invader, however, was unable to make the weight. The fight resulted in a draw.

In the Willie Gordon-Pete Sarmiento contest, which was held a week later, the Portland lad battered Sarmiento to threads and dropped him several times. Pete should hang up his gloves by this time.

Instead of newspapermen, three judges were requested by the Stadium management to render the decision in this contest. The boxing officials are trying to introduce many new ideas and innovations to improve the game, which shows that what is needed here is a boxing commission to regulate and supervise it.

Joe Alexander, who was beaten to a pulp by Little Moro a month ago, essayed a reappearance against Kid Gabo and failed. The game little fellow was dropped several times but refused to be counted.

Gavino de Leon received the judges decision in his twelve-round scrap against Pedro Campo. De Leon carried the fight to his opponent and deserved the decision.

Gordon's second start was against Kid Johnson for the featherweight championship. Johnson, wso has been ghting regularly at 130 pounds and who, it was feared, would not be able to make the weight, surprised the wiseacres by coming in at 124. Johnson hit Gordon with all assortments of blows, scoring five knockdowns, one for the count of nine. The visitor was tough and game and was on his feet at the last bell. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of Johnson.

The semi-final between Syd Torres and Lew Pasion was a corker, but Referee Rodriguez marred it by giving to the loser the decision.

In order to put things in their proper places, the writer wishes to correct Mr. Evans' notes published in the July issue of THE RING wherein he stated that Little Moro and Kid Johnson are not longer holders of the flyweight and featherweight titles, respectively. Both are still champions. For some time it was feared that Johnson could not make the featherweight limit, but in his last start he surprised the fans by tipping the beam at 124. Little Moro has never had any difficulty in making the fly poundage, either in the past or the present.

While Joe Hall has one more engagement to fill, Sailor Willie Gordon won his fight with Joe Mate, his third and last appearance in the Manila ring, two weeks after his losing stand against Johnson.

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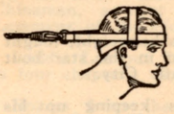

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DELAWARE NEWS
By THREE STAR HENNESSY

THE past month has been a banner one for the Delaware promoters.

Johnny O'Donnell and Dixie Dhuey have spared no expense to put things over in big time fashion and proved the old slogan to be correct—Give the fans what they want and you get them—Last month saw the biggest gates ever known in Delaware.

Walter McLou of Baltimore knocked out Jimmy Crouch of Wilmington in two rounds. Johnny Horba of Wilmington was shaded by Billy Bent of Atlantic City.

Joe Caniano of Wilmington beat Hank Dundee of Baltimore in 6 rounds.

Reds Rousch of Sellersville and Andy Kelly of Baltimore fought eight torrid rounds to a draw.

Joey Michaels lost a close decision to Phil Raymond of Baltimore.

On August 21st, O'Donnell and Dhuey put over their banner show of the season with an all star show that drew a capacity house. Joey Webb the Roebling Teror, stopped the winning streak of Ritchie Martell in the 4th round.

Al Trainor defeated Battling Abe Cohen.

Young Ketchell of Chester surprised everybody by decisively beating Sylvian Bass of Baltimore.

Jimmy Ireland, bantamweight, was matched with Mickey Larkin in the main event but Mickey had the misfortune to break his right hand two days before the fight and Jack Gentile substituted and made a great fight out of it, holding Ireland to a draw.

Vincent Forgionne, middleweight, knocked out Tim Charles of Louisville, Kentucky, in the 4th round.

Al Rowe, flashy junior lightweight beat Tony Eoplucci in a poor bout.

Tommy Gleason handed Joe Parker a terrible lacing.

Mickey Larkins, who is a legitimate flyweight, has to box boys in the bantamweight ranks owing to the leading flyweight jumping the fence.

Ollen Hackett is back and making matches for the National A. C.

Pete Nebo is to make his debut in Wilmington in the near future with Buck Fleming as his opponent.

Georges Amblaird of France, who is the biggest drawing card in Delaware, has just returned from Boston and will be ready to meet Joe Kid Firpo in two weeks.

Eddy Reed, flashy New York featherweight, fought a sensational bout with Al Gordon in the star bout of the Milk Fund show at Atlantic City.

Harry Bernstine, lightheavy, is keeping up his winning streak via the K.O. route. Harry just disposed of Big Bill Henderson in one round. This Bernstine boy sure does look like a comer.

Johnny Devine got off to a flying start in his debut here when he trounced the rugged Johnny Murphy.

Georgie White, Newark's globe trotting manager, was in town singing the praises of his boys, Lew Seltzer, Johnny Coles, and Johnny Clark.

ALBANY AND VICINITY NOTES
By HERMAN BRAY

AT the Arena, Syracuse, Aug. 31st—Lope Tenerio, Filipino lightweight lost the decision in ten rounds to Jackie Brady, Syracuse junior lightweight. It was State Fair week and a big crowd was in attendance, although report is that club didn't make any lucre with the show. In other scraps, Bucky Lawless, the crack Auburn welter defeated Larry Maranucci of Troy in ten stirring rounds and Jack Manley of Wilkesbarre won over Kid Savage, the Wild Man of Seneca Falls in the third ten. Then Joe Gainer, Syracuse schoolboy won over Eddy Connors of Buffalo in a six.

Eddie Meade, jovial Cleveland promoter sends along word that Frankie Schoell, classy Buffalo middleweight, under Meade's direction, can't miss fighting Mickey Walker for the title before the open-air season wanes.

Frankie La Fay, sensational Trop lightweight added another victim to his already long list when he defeated Frankie Fink, "Yiddisher Cowboy" of Dallas, Texas, in twelve great heats at the Collar City stadium, Troy recently. On the same bill, "Red" Reilly, Troy "Wild Man" trounced Jack Kiernan of Long Branch, N. J., in ten stirring rounds, having Kiernan on the canvas three times for counts. Reilly is a great club fighter.

Billy Ames, is going big with his stable of fighters through the Mid-West. Bobby Williams and Joe Zink are consistent winners, and Ames expects Frank Moody, the Welsh lightheavyweight over soon.

Fistic followers in upper New York state were much astounded when they learned that Young Corbett of Frisco had flattened Nick Testo, the Troy welter. Testo is back in Troy and in training, hoping to fight his way back again to a commanding position in the welter tangle.

Speaking of welterweights reminds us that Pete August, former Bridgeport boy is now living in Albany, and training for some scraps his manager, Charley Rose is arranging. August boxed Young Corbett a draw on the Coast and avers that the Californian is the goods.

Ray Barbuti, Syracuse University Olympic here, Tom Keane, trainer and Steve Halaiko, Auburn amateur lightweight who competed in the Olympic's were introduced at the arena, Syracuse recently just previous to the Brady-Tenerio bout and all received a big hand.

The Holyoke, Mass. arena reopens for the Fall season in September with Frankie La Fay of Troy meeting Phil Goldstein of Pittsburg in the feature 10 spot. The Holyoke club is recognized as one of the best drawing clubs in the East today.

At Troy, Aug 29 Tony Vaccerelli of New York was winning easily over Charley Rosen, also of New York in the feature contest, when Tommy Dorr, the referee after repeatedly warning Rosen about his low punching, finally disqualified him in the fifth heat. In the semi-windup, Joe Salamone of New York, taking a licking from Ray Kessler of Schenectady was awarded a technical kayo when the referee stopped the bout in the eighth of a scheduled ten when Kessler's mouth was split, with plenty of gore streaming down.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA
By RODY DAVIS

THE management of the Fort Monroe Club as well as the fans presen ton Aug. 7 were much disappointed because Red Taylor, the heavyweight who performs regularly around the Washington-Baltimore district, did not appear for his scheduled main affair with Big Boy Bonnett of the army. It would have been a great fight.

In one of the semi-final fights tthat night Artie Casola, former Richmonder and now a soldier, put away Louis Amster in the first round.

The fight showing Battling Young of Monroe against Soldier Depts of Fort Eustis was declared a draw. It was a good fast scrap.

Another A-No.-1 fight of the card showed to Monroe fans probably the classiest young fighter they have had the pleasure of seeing when Andy Schools of Richmond took the measure of Young Monty of Monroe. The Newport News Herald said of Schools: "Schools, who is one of the cleverest little scrappers seen here knew too much for the local boy and pounded him relentlessly with solid blows."

In the opening match of the card Young Lyons of the Fort won easily over Mike Stajusday of Yorktown. They are middleweights.

Due to Taylor's not being on hand for his main affair the scheduled semi-final fight between Firpo Moore of Richmond and Doc Belcher of Petersburg was switched to the eight round top fight, and if this writer ever saw a positively poor performance, it was the one of Moore's that night. Belcher is a very likable chap and not at all a bad fighter but if Moore had any gameness he would have won instead of showing a chicken heart.

Norfolk showed Len Hoffman, the Charlotte, N. C., lightheavyweight, against Kake Denning of the Naval Base in a main bout and Denning emerged the victor.

Jack Britton, Naval Base middleweight, won over Walt McFeeley of Washington in the semi-final.

Doc Belcher of Petersburg took the "duke" over Jack Smith in a six rounder.

There was one knockout when Johnny Doerr of the U. S. S. Arkansas toppled Young Sano in the third round.

The Richmond Grays Athletic Association start the fall season with a bang-up program on September 27th, showing probably heavyweights in both ten round fights. Another boy sure to be seen a lot in Richmond this winter is little Andy Schools, fast coming lightweight of that city, and on the first program will tackle a formidable opponent in a special six round match.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE open air boxing season is practically over and none of the clubs did a startling amount of business, although the Crescent A.C. made a fair chunk of money on the Bushey Graham-Billy Kowalik setto, which drew the banner crowd of the outdoor shows.

Bushey Graham showed himself to be a corking good fighter in this engagement. Young Kowalik is the most promising kid around this town but he was easy enough for Bushey, whose experience was too much for Billy.

Osk Till, now making Buffalo his headquarters, defeated Billy Vidabeck of New Jersey in the star attraction of the Queensberry club's show, Aug. 20. Vidabeck did not fight as well as he did against Jimmy Slattery here last Spring and was easily beaten by Till.

Freddie Mueller and Art Weigand, boxing in a double windup of two ten round bouts, won over Joe Stone and Joe Boland respectively in the Velodrome club's show. Muelelr and Weigand outclassed their opponents.

Mueller entered the ring a bit stiff and sore for Freddie had been whipped in Detroit only three nights before by Ray Miller of Chicago.

Tommy Paul had two cracks at Johnny McCoy, California bantamweight, in bouts for the Crescent club. The Buffalo youngster won both times, although the deciisons that went in Paul's favor have been strenuously objected to by Danny Rogers, mentor for McCoy and many other fans who thought McCoy was entitled to a draw at least.

With the approach of cooler weather the clubs here namely the Crescent, Velodrome and Queensberry will enter the Broadway auditorium for future shows. The big building seats close to 10,000 and unless present plans of the promoters miscary Buffalo will see some splendid fistic entertainment and a number of important matches this season.

Jimmy Slattery has been taking things easy all Summer, with little thought to boxing. The Buffalo champion has made no announcement of his plans, although the boxing commission reinstated him at a recent meeting.

The Crescent Athletic club's new gymnasium, which is located at 199 Pearl street, is the best in town. It will be up-to-date in every detail and most of the star ring performers of this section will train there.

Good boxers of all weights desiring work in Buffalo should write to Hugh Shannon, 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Frankie Schoell has not renewed his contract with his old manager, Bert Finch. The local middleweight boxer has decided to cast his fortune with Eddie Mead and Joe Lewis of Cleveland and a beter selection of managers could not have been made by Frankie. Lewis and Mead know the boxing game like a book and have fine connections around the country.

Finch has Lou Scozza under his wing and the schoolboy fighter is certainly of promising material. He should come to the front this season.

Benny Ross, Buffalo's hard socking light-heavyweight, is winning consistently. He knocked out Jack O'Conell and defeated oJe Burke and Frankie Kearns in his last three ring starts. Benny wants a shot at Champion Tommy Loughran or his old stable-mate Jimmy Slattery.

MONTREAL FISTIC NEWS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ALEC MOORE, the "Napoleon" of Canadian promoters, pitted Elzear Rioux, local hit-and-miss giant and former backwoodsman, against Romero Rojas, the Chilean resin duster, at the Forum on August 29, and the latter's pants dusted the resin in the third heat. The fight was scheduled for ten frames.

Vic Foley, Vancouver featherweight, and Kund Larsen, of Norway, battled to an interesting draw in their ten-round semi-final.

Harry Smith stopped Bob Allinson, English welter, in five rounds.

Lafontaine scored his fourth straight K. O. in a prelim, and is becoming quite a favorite.

Cecil Levy surprised the fans by losing to a Quebec City 160-pounder. Isn't "Lollypop" training as hard as usual?

Alec Moore deserves credit for his consistent match-making and when he features Leo Kid Roy again, the fans will be there in force.

The writer, Lawson Bampton, recently paid a visit to New York City and saw one of Humbert Fugazy's shows at Ebbett's Field, Brooklyn, and also dropped in at the St. Nicholas and Lon Stillman's gyms.

Sergeant Sammy Baker, Billy Wallace and Joe Glick caught the writer's eyes at Stillman's and they showed nifty stuff, all in training for coimng bouts in the near future.

Joe Trabon, Kansas City contender for lightweight crown, had the gallery boys standing up at St. Nick's with his aggressive, bulldog style. Lon Alpern is very anxious to show his star in Montreal and take it from your correspondent, he'd make a hit.

Jimmy Connelly is the latest of local amateur stars to turn pro. The former Dominion champ is a speedy, aggressive battler a td would make a good fight with any of the local bantams.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING in this part of Ohio is rapidly gaining the strong foothold it once had about four years ago.

Jack Duffy of Toledo easily won a ten-round decision over Tommy Crowley, the Pittsburgh lightweight, at Dayton, Ky., recently.

After his one-round knockout by Phil Hergert, Eddie Dickey, the Miamisburg "caveman," came back strong with a decision over Roy Hartman, the rugged Dayton middleweight.

At Bellaire, Ohio, Steve O'Malley, Bellaire, won the decision over Frankie Stellmack in ten rounds.

Joe O'Malley of Columbus lost a close ten-round decision to Young Firpo at New Castle, Pa.

The latest addition to Jerry Sachs' Cleveland stable is Pepper Freeman, Western middleweight.

The results of the recent card staged at Armco Field in Middletown are as follows:
Dudley Ring and Bobby McGowan, draw (8); Mutt Snyder. T.K.O. Joe Dragon (3); Cliff Young outpointed Little Six (4); Joe Finklea outpointed Clark Anderson (4); Cricket Nelson K.O.'d Jimmy Brady (4).

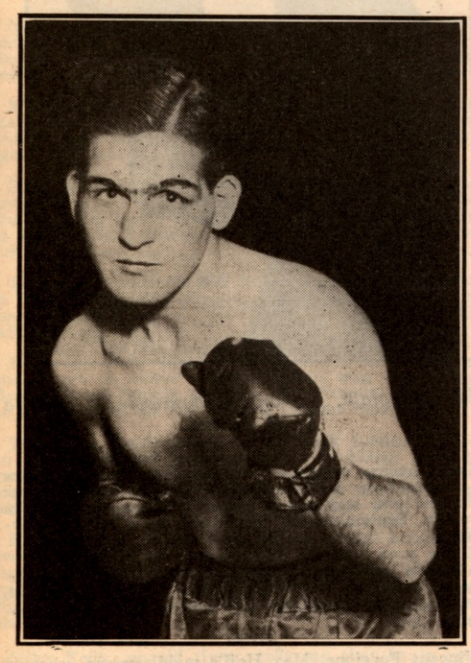
Pat Freeman, heavyweight socker from Cincinnati, is going like a house a-fire. In his most recent bout he stowed away Billy Miller in a couple rounds at Tacoma Bowl.

Johnnie Mason, the Scranton, Pa., middleweight, has several offers from the East.

Happy Atherton shaded Jimmy McDermott in ten rounds, which featured Lt. McChyrstal's program at his Ft. Thomas Punch Emporium.

Frankie Lloyd had kissed the canvas in the third round in his bout with Mike Dundee.

Johnny Mason of Scranton beat the pride of Dayton's middleweights, Joe Delaney, all over the ring for ten rounds. Dayton promoters immediately signed Mason for a scrap with Roy Wallace, the Indianapolis middleweight.



Tommy Lorenzo, New York East-side bantam,

Al Corbett has deserted the featherweight class and is now after a shot at Tod Morgan's junior lightweight crown.

Johnnie Mason, Scranton coal miner, scored his second victory in as many starts in Dayton, when he beat Phil Hergert.

Frankie Porto, clever Midland, Pa., featherweight, is out with a defi. His pilot is Byron Foutts, of Midland, Pa.

Lon Lovelace, Terre Haute, Ind., defeated Harry Kriendler in ten rounds.

Johnny Datto won the decision over Buster Brown of Chicago in a ten-round bout at Redland Field.

J. R. Basco, Akron's leading manager and promoter, claims his light heavyweight, Frankie Wine, is a "diamond in the rough." Wine recently returned from South Africa, where he twice defeated Johnny Squires, the champion. J. R. Basco can be reached at 611 Shannon Ave., Barberton, Ohio.

Cecil Payne, Kentucky bantam, shaded Harry McCarthy of Cincinnati at Tacoma Bowl.

Buddie Lee of Nashville, welterweight, is rapidly gaining headway. The "Nashville Jumping Jack" smashed out another victory over Jimmy Kelly of Dayton via the knockout route in the third round.

In a return bout at Redland Field Johnny Datto repeated his victory over Buster Brown in ten rounds.

Augie Pisano, Brooklyn junior welterweight, beat Vince Hambright, the Cincinnati Filipino, in ten rounds.

At Dayton Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill., knocked out Frankie Lloyd, Kansas City featherweight, in the third round.

Stanley Williams, Martins Ferry, Ohio, featherweight, won an eight-round decision over Frankie Porto recently.

Midget Guevy outpointed K. O. Conway of Durham, N. C.

Freddie Miller, Cincinnati's featherweight contender, is back in training.

A bout that was labeled as "title of bantamweight champion of Ohio at stake" was recently staged at Tacoma Bowl, in which Babe Keller of Toledo beat Harry McCarthy of Cincinnati.

Chip Selby, retired lightweight ace from Middletown, has a gym in Germantown and works out daily with his boys.

Billy Ryan, former idol of Cincinnati fight fans, recently returned from Kentucky.

Kid Lencho, Indianapolis bantam, met his Waterloo when he faced the "Irish Streak," Jimmy McDermott. Jimmie took nine of the ten rounds, flooring Lencho four times. In the preliminaries Danny Budd knocked out Joey Lawrence in four; Jimmy Wright beat Larry Payton in six; Clyde Johns beat George Liddy in four.

Mike Griffin, veteran Cincinnati manager and trainer, has opened a new gym on McMikken Ave.

Howard Mitchell outpointed Herman Clark of Indianapolis in a fast six-round bout.

"Philadelphia Jimmy" Dougherty's pride and joy, Joe Anderson, the Cincinnati middleweight, lost a tough ten-rounder to Dave Shade in Chicago.

After an inactive summer, Tacoma Kid renewed training recently. In his last two starts on record, the Kid polished off Tiger Graney and Louey Logan in jig time. Tacoma Kid is now managed by Jimmie Amann and Eddie Roomer.

Johnnie Mason, Scranton, Pa., won the decision over Young Jack Dillon, Los Angeles, at Dayton.

Freddie Miller, featherweight, made it the third straight when he beat Jimmy Harris at Redland.

Billy Ryan won his first start in his attempt at comeback. Pepper Freeman of Cleveland was the loser in the ten-round bout.

In the semi-final to the Ryan-Freeman bout, Tony La Rose, welterweight champion of Greater Cincinnati defended his title against Frankie Palmo. La Rose was returned the victor.

Windy Meyers traveled over to Indianapolis where he lost a close one to Royal Cox, of that city, in eight rounds.

Auburn accorded Steve Halaiko, returning lightweight boxer of the Olympic team, the most tumultous reception ever accorded an athlete in the section's history. With Halaiko was his guest, "Spike" Webb, boxing coach of the U. S. Olympic teams for ten years and the trainer of the United States Naval Academy fistic stars.

Steve Halaiko will not turn professional for several years at least. He plans to enter college in 1929 and try for the 1932 Olympics. Critics proclaim him as a champion in the making.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA NOTES

By TED GRESS

ART FEESER, Lebanon's Little Jack Dempsey, turned in two notable wins during the past month, knocking out Charley Daley of Mt. Carmel in two minutes of the first round and winning every round of an eight-round bout from Stanley Ketchell of Shenandoah.

Brooks Laubach, Williamsport's blonde tiger, who scales at 145 pounds, beat Georgie Mallick of Frackville in ten rounds at Williamsport.

Jackie Reynolds of Muncie, Ind., who will be here this winter, fought a great draw with Frankie Larrabee of Omaha, Neb., at Indianapolis.

Eddie LeRoy, clever Williamsport featherweight, stopped Mickey Casey of Reading in two rounds.

Casey is a product of the amateur ranks and has been going great. Don't take it to heart, Mickey, it happens to the best of them.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's southpaw featherweight contender, was handed the decision over Eddie Shea of Chicago in Lancaster under the direction of the popular Scotty Hemphill.

Gordon Williams will be getting things started soon at Reading, in which event we can look forward to some real attractions again in the Pretzel City.

Bobby Risden, clever negro lightweight of Reading, is in good condition for a busy campaign that faces him.

Referee Jimmy Hennihan, of Wilkes-Barre, is a very popular official in these parts. State Inspector Brice is another who is helping place the game on a high plane.

Charlie "Buck" Boyle, Allentown lightweight, gained considerable attention by his victory over Joie Kaufman of New York.

Hal Murray of Harrisburg stopped Johnny Ferris of Boston in one round.

Tony Youkonis of Allentown outpointed the veteran Battling Levinsky, former light heavyweight champion of the world, in ten rounds at Allentown. Levinsky is a popular performer in these parts.

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP

By N. F. PREO

A RECORD crowd at Wyman Park, Ellsworth, saw Ted Kid Drew, state lightweight champion, defeat Johnny Scully of Boston. In the semi-final, Jimmy Manning of Boston and Young Bedad of Bidderford fought to a draw. Kayo Tibbetts knocked out Cyclone Violette of Old Town in 1.40.

The following promoters are staging shows almost every week: Louis J. Louipeginious, Ellsworth; Walter Johnson, Bangor; Irving Miachels, Bangor; Charlie Britt, Caribou; Charley Miller, Moosehead Lake; Chick Hayes, Portland; Eddie Polo, Waterville; John Parent, Augusta, and Tom Travers, Old Orchard.

Tommy O'Toole, Maine's featherweight king, won over Henry Janco, Atlantic Fleet, U. S. Navy champion, at Portland in twelve rounds. Joe Phann, U. S. S. Florida, kayoed Jeff Mason, U. S. S. Arkansas, in one round in the semi-final.

Ruby Levine of Lewiston beat Mickey Williams at Burlington, Vt., and held Chick Suggs to a draw.

Sailor Utah defeated Red Grange, Roaring Joe McDonald and Joe Emmons.

Pat Cormier, the Old Town midget, is a great drawing card. He kayoed Jimmy McNally in five rounds, laid Mike Marrier low in six rounds and held Kid McCoy to a draw.

Duke Menard, Maine's flyweight king, is still holding his own. He gave Harry Soo, San Francisco Chinaman, a neat beating and outclassed Johnny Lemmeux of Biddeford.

Laddie Lee put Jack Mulvaney of Canada to sleep in four chapters. Lee showed the best in his career.

Boxers from the Atlantic fleet didn't last long against the Maine talent at Ellsworth. Ted Kid Drew kayoed Art Charmonte of the U. S. S. Cincinnati in three rounds and Al Bergen kayoed Jimmy Kelly of the U. S. S. Richmond in six rounds.

Walter Johnson's new lightweight find, Killer Brown of Hampden, is making fast progress. He outclassed Seattle Kid Richards, beat Cyclone Violette and kayoed Al Bolduc in four rounds.

Kayo Laroux, who hails from New Hampshire, is a popular fighter around Central Maine. He beat Joe Emmons and Bud Fisher and held Matty Owens to a draw, and dropped a close decision to Young Hurd.

Cyclone St. Louis defeated Panama Pete Roscoe and Joe Albrick.

Newport Johnny Brown lost on a foul in the ninth round to Henry Janco, the U. S. Navy champion, at Portland.

Biffo Clancy, the ex-Yankee Division flyweight champion, is a great preliminary favorite in Bangor, where he has beat Jimmy Junior and Jack Coffin.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY

By. I. R. Ford

WICHITA, KANS.—Babe Hunt, young Oklahoma heavyweight, gave Sully Montgomery a bad beating in ten rounds. Montgomery was almost helpless in the final stanza. Wildcat Monte won the edge over Kid Granite in eight rounds. Battling Dozier won by a technical K. O. over Joe Horton.

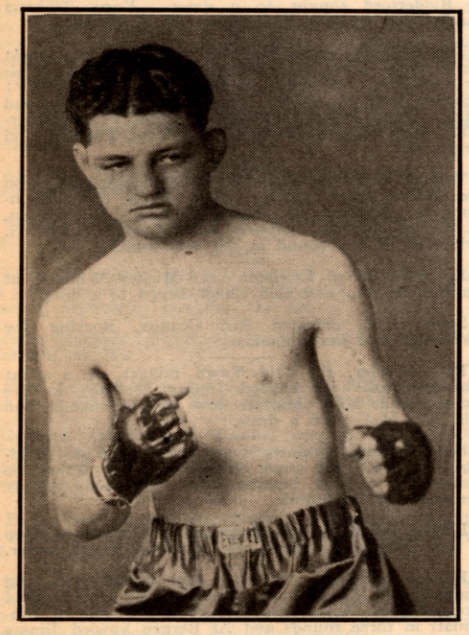
Kansas City, Mo.—Dave Shade gave Tiger Johnny Cline a neat boxing lesson in ten rounds. Joe Rivers won from Joe Kid Peck in ten rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Tiny Roebuck knocked out Jack McAuliffe of Chicago in the ninth round. Speck Friend and Jimmie Owens drew in a fast eight round bout. Jack Hurley won from Kenneth Johnson in eight, and Tommy Irvine won from Chick Rains in six.

Springfield, Mo.—Jimmy Finley, welterweight of Louisville, Ky., was fined $200 and given a sixty day suspension for failing to put forth his best efforts in a ten round bout with Spider Kelly of K. C. Mo. Finley won.

Drumright, Okla.—Forest Kaiser won by a knockout in the seventh round from Eddie Murray. Wilford Rich won over Mike Pickering. Sammy Hawkins beat Ralph James.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Rivers won from Joe Kid Peck in a fast ten round battle. This was Rivers' second victory over Peck. Larry Cappo repeated again by given Spider Kelly a trimming in ten rounds.



Tommy Jones, junior lightweight who twice defeated Billy Wallace.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Tommy White mauled his way to a victory in ten rounds over Grover Mallini. Wildcat Monte won from Kid Dorland in eight rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Denver Kid of Kansas City bewildered the highly touted Irish Mickey Gill in their ten round battle. The bout between Paul Wangley and Buddy Chambers was stopped in the eighth by referee George Cox. Chambers was fined and given a suspension for indifferent fighting. Steve Salina and Flash Ramsey drew in six rounds. Luke Dorsey and Juddy Smith fought six hot rounds to a draw. Hooker Boyer won from John Jungman in six.

Tulsa, Okla.—Jack Stanley and Johnny Carrol fought eight rounds to a draw. Tommy Midgat won on a foul from Chick Rains in the second round. Abie Cohen won the edge in five rounds with Mysterious Ellsworth. Harold Smith took the decision over Tommy Knopp in five rounds.

Babe Hunt, heavyweight of Ponca City, Okla., and one of the best drawing cards in the southwest, is recuperating from an operation on his spine. Lots of work in sight for Babe as soon as his manager, Dennis Magirl, broadcasts that his battler is ready to go.

Ed. (K. O.) Smith Picher, Okla., heavyweight, has been out of the game several months with a broken arm. The game has been rather slow in Kansas the past month, but with cooler weather in sight things will pick up.

OKLAHOMA BOXING NOTES

By ED PRELL

"TINY" ROEBUCK, erstwhile Haskell Indian athlete, whose march for heavyweight recognition has twice been stopped by second round knockouts, is climbing back into the limelight for the third time. "Tiny" met his first Waterloo in Chicago when Otto Von Porat laid his murderous right against the giant Indian's chin and "Tiny" went down for the count. Then Roebuck rolled up a few victories and was matched with Babe Hunt, the ex-oil roustabout of Ponca City. They fought at Tulsa and Hunt found the redskin's chin in the second round and Roebuck was out for several minutes. This knockout has been followed with victories over Buster Martin, Tulsa, and Jack McAuliffe, Detroit. "Tiny" stopped Jack in eight rounds at Tulsa.

Operations seem all the rage among Kansas and Oklahoma boxers. Angus Snyder, the Canadian heavyweight fighting under the Ripple stable colors at Dodge City, Kans., had a hand injury mended recently at the Mayo Brothers hospital in Rochester, Minn. Babe Hunt, Oklahoma heavyweight, had a growth removed from his back and forthwith began to gain poundage at a rapid rate. These two rivals will meet about October 1 in Wichita. Snyder is the only man who has defeated Hunt, beating him in a ten-round fight at Wichita last spring.

Roy Rhodes, former boxing promoter at Tulsa, who left the promotorial end to manage fighters, has a new heavyweight named Jack Strong who is showing promise. Strong stopped George Nix, giant Hominy Indian, recently, and has won several other bouts by knockouts.

Ammonia looks like water, but it tastes different. Wildcat Monte can attest to that. In a recent fight at Wichita against Kid Granite of Pampa, Tex., Monte's handlers handed him the ammonia bottle by mistake just before the sixth round started. Monte jumped from his chair writhing in agony just as the bell starting the round clanged. Despite his protests, the referee ordered him to fight. Monte recuperated late in the round after being on the floor once and proceeded to give Granite a sound trouncing to win the decision.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

DANNY SCHULTE, St. Paul manager, has added another boxer to his string in Red Corbett, a good young middleweight. Corbett, as an amateur, did very well, and as he is a good puncher he should go good in the professional ranks. Danny also handles Earl Blue, heavyweight, and Red Frey, a lightweight.

Wildcat Eddie Mason, a coming lightweight of St. Paul, turned in another win to his long list when he beat Frankie Camden of Virginia at Park Falls.

Scamscka Zabuil, young Polish heavyweight of Duluth under Jack Hurley's management, is coming along nicely. He stopped Quentin Romera-Rojas in August at Duluth. If handled properly, Zabuil will be built into a drawing card for Duluth.

Jerk Doran, St. Paul promoter, will start the fall and winter season shortly. He has some good home boys for cards in Billy Light, My Sullivan, Mike Mandell and Al Van Ryan to work with. Mandell is a heavyweight and the others are welters.

Johnny Kern, lightweight; Mickey Gill, bantam, and Bobby Lyons, a middleweight, report that they are ready for the coming season.

Mike Mandell, Minnesota's star heavy, now weighs better than 180 pounds, having built himself up from 165 a la Gene Tunney. His last two wins were over Vijo Doman of Los Angeles and Jack Humbeeck of Belgium. Mandell is a real fighter.

Stewart McLean is sojourning in North Dakota and will be back in harness shortly.

Phil Morrow, a good heavyweight prospect and all around athlete, will start training in September. If he does as well in boxing as he has done in other sports, he will be a whiz.

Joe Kelly of Des Moines manages to keep his light heavyweight, Kenneth Hunt, busy. He wants to show him in the Twin Cities. Hunt is a reliable fighter and always turns in a good performance.

Managers or promoters seeking information regarding this territory can write to Murray McLean, 1742 Margaret St., St. Paul, Minn.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

JACK GROSS, the Salem, N. J., baker boy heavyweight, looks better every time he goes to the post. His latest knockout conquest was against Sully Montgomery, former Centre College football star. Gross put Sully away in the first round with several terrific body punches. Gross packs a dynamite left.

Lancaster boxing fans insist Rosey Stoy is one of the best featherweights in the land. He lost a ten-round decision to Eddie Shea, the clever Chicago lad at the Phils Ball Park and then took the same Shea up to the home town and gained a ten-round decision.

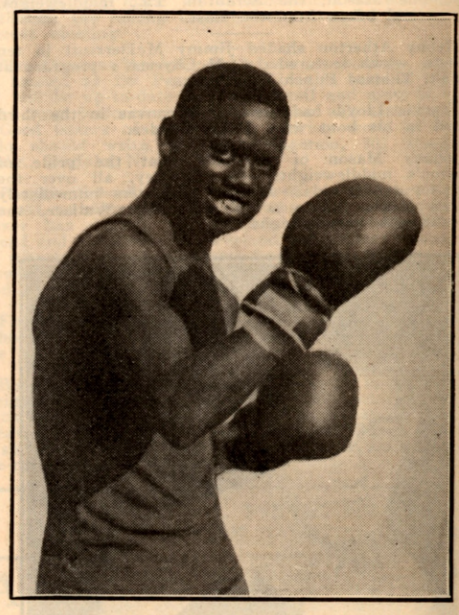
Willie Moore, southpaw member of the once famous family of fighting Moores, is preparing to come back in the ring. Ray Johnson is looking after him, and Willie working harder than ever to make the uphill grade.

The veteran Battling Levinsky, who delights in hopping around the country and beating opponents here and there, ran into a surprise party when he lost a ten-round decision to Tony Youkonis, Lithuanian heavyweight, in an Allentown ring. Levinsky suffered an injury in that bout.

Tom Toner, Irish heavyweight, related to "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, was not able to meet Tommy Cowell, former Penn heavyweight, owing to the latter having a business engagement, but Toner took on Tom Nelson of St. Paul in a recent outdoor show at the Phil's Park and stowed him away in the second round.

Emory Cabana has managed to keep busy. After meeting Roxie Allen in Camden he also saw action in one of the bouts preceding the Bass-Blitman battle.

Vince Guidici, 160-pound amateur knockerout, is preparing to enter the professional ranks. He denies he was knocked out in a bout at Centerville, Md., claiming he was never in that place. He plans to make his debut in the pro. field under the management of Jack Friedman.



Kid Chocolate, Cuban bantamweight with a good record.

Leon Lucas, recently returned from the Olympics at Amsterdam, has decided to forsake the amateur field and will step out in an all-heavyweight card in Camden, September 14. He boxes as a light heavyweight.

After an enjoyable vacation at Wildwood, Promoter Johnny Burns of the Cambria Club is back on the job and announces that the fall season will start September 14.

Vincent Forgione, Max Hoff's middleweight, showed he still packs dynamite, by knocking out Tim Charles of Louisville in the fourth round of a recent bout at Wilmington, Del.

It took considerable talking to get Tommy Loughran signed up for his coming heavyweight bout with Jack Gross at the Phillies Ball Park, Oct. 1 or 3. Gross will outweigh the light heavyweight champion by about twenty pounds. Tommy's end of the gate will be a guarantee of $15,000, or 33 1/3 per cent.

Amateur boxing at the Arena outdoor club in West Philadelphia went big during the summer months. Organizations fostering boxing have bobbed up all over the city and in the suburbs, and out of these ranks new material is constantly being found.

Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis put over one of their customary big boxing spectacles when Benny Bass and Harry Blitman settled their featherweight argument at Shibe Park. These two veteran promoters do not stage many shows but when they put one on it's the real thing. They are great on "Quality."

FLORIDA NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

THAT heading is a misleader this month as I have not had a word from the rest of the state, and only know that Jacksonville and Tampa are putting on an occasionol show. Things are slow in Miami.

Ed Douglas seems to have quit again for the time being and A. C. Slattery of the Coral Gables Post of the American Legion is putting on weekly cards on a new basis. Every boy on the card, from top to bottom, must box on a percentage. No guarantees.

In that way Slattery saves the club from a loss, and the boys must gamble with him. True, the purses are small, but it keeps everybody eating and gives the green boys a chance to acquire experience.

Fort Lauerdale, Lake Worth, West Palm Beach and Homestead put on an occasional show.

Young Manuel Quintero paid us a visit this month on his return from New York and put Tommy Madden through the works. Madden was the best opponent available at the price, but he never had a chance with the speedy Tampa dentist.

Pensacola comes to bat again this month with report of good bouts and fair crowds. G. H. Fuhrman is the new promoter for the Frank Marsten post of the American Legion.

At their last show Dick Schwan settled Patsy Flannigan in the second frame, and Battling LaBelle and Monk Kennedy went ten tough rounds to a draw. The first are lightweights and the latter were welters.

J. R. Basco writes from Akron, Ohio, that his classy heavyweight, is back from South Africa and would like nothing better than a match with Young Strib.

Basco says he is in position to send some good boys to South Africa this fall. Hiss address is 611 Shannon avenue, Barberton, Ohio. Write him.

Jimmie Rushin of Miami is looking for a good lightweight, a welter and a heavy. Rushin can be addressed through the writer of this column. He will be in Philadelphia and Baltimore this month, so get in early.

New faces Slattery has shown the public this month include Red Melius, Louis Lynch, Bernard Bridges, Bernie Knight, Johnny Griner, Lefty Louie, Red Johnson, Red Yeomans, Bud McDonald, Parker Parr.

Mutt Griffin again is with us, chipper as ever. His stablemate, Harry Allen, has been going good up around Jacksonville and will be seen in action here again this month.

Click Conners is working at his trade as a baker until times get better in the glove racket. Lee Collins says he wants real money when Click appears, as he now is lightweight champ of five states, says Lee.

They tell me Honey Boy Snipes is making good out in Texas. If "Pa" Stribling could keep this kid in line he would be good. He'll blow in on a freight this fall as usual.

Every so often Ben Finkle goes out in the sticks and drags in some orange picker who can scrap. Ben gave us Jimmie Sullivan, but Jimmie blew when he had cleaned all the middies around here.

This time Finkle comes to bat with Johnny Griner, an 18-year-old lad who never saw a trolley until he came to Miami this month to take on the hard-hitting Tode Baldwin, and he put up a sweet scrap with Baldwin, getting a draw, no mea nfeat.

Baldwin got so he thought he could knock out every boy they gave him, and he was very nearly right. He slapped down the last five or six in a row. He sure has a right hand kick for 126-pounder. He has shown big improvement since getting regular handling.

Mike Kelly, an old timer, tells me that he is running the Fort Lauderdale club. Mike does the publicity, tacks up the signs, makes the matches, takes the tickets and usually fights the main go. In between times he comes down to Miami to box. He won over Frank Woodcock the other night.

Joe Chambers seems to have taken over Jerry Weinberg's job as Miami's popular announcer. Jerry will be back about the time Douglas gets going again.

Missing—three or four referees—Jack Shea, Harry Graham, Howard Livingston and some bird named Wheeler. Please wire anxious promoters.

Jack Ryan, the "syndicate boy," is running out of playmates. If this boy could get enough work around here he would be fighting the best of 'em in a few months. Wanted, a few good 175-pound lads to keep Ryan busy a few weeks.

Jack Bell, popular sports writer of the Herald, is back from a two-months trip to South America, fat, sassy and well tanned.

Jack Stariha is improving rapidly. All Jack asks for the present is a crack at Earl Hudson. Earl, however, is doing his fighting on the police force and shows no great eagerness to mingle with Stariha.

Jimmy Ellis and Lefty Louie fought a nice draw here this month.

Ed Alexander asks a boost for his 17-year-old Georgia Express, Billy Edward, who, he promises, will knock Click Conners kicking in less than five rounds.

Edward's last three fights gave him a win over Willie Norwood, a kayo over Dick Gore in three rounds and a kayo over Jordan Sheppard in five. Sixteen knockouts in 17 fights, Alexander asserts. Some kid.

As many ask me the same questions and to save time and postage I am answering this month's correspondents here.

Duke Barry is managing a string of Cuban boxers somewhere in California, last I heard.

Earl Hudson has not done much fighting of late. Address him care of police headquarters, Miami, Florida.

Jim Downing is matchmaker for the Tampa Club.

Fearless Ferns is in Jacksonville.

Hugh Martin is promoting in Charlotte, N. C.

Welters and middleweights go best here. Not much chance for bantams to get any good bouts. A couple of heavies could make good here this winter.

Tillie Kid Herman does his own business. His home address is 1211 Cotton avenue, El Paso, Tex. He is fighting somewhere around Florida at present.

Dave Evans is the big boy in the game in Birmingham, Ala.

My address is P. O. Box 507, Coral Gables, Fla. More next month.

SOUTH JERSEY FISTIC NOTES
By HARRY DOLLFUS

EMORY CABANA, Phil Glassman's lightweight protege, flattened Joey Michaels of Riverside after two minutes of battling. Morris Caplin promoted the show in the Public Service Pall Bark in Camden.

Artie McCann, former Gloucester lightweight, who two victories to his credit over Pete Nebo, is making good in Canadian rings.

Joe Lill, erstwhile representative of the Marines in the heavyweight class, is in training for a busy campaign.

Tommy Cooney, formerly of Atlantic City, was stopped in three rounds by Tommy Herman when the referee decided that a deep gash over Cooney's eye might end the Shore scrapper's career.

Eddie Reid kayoed Jimmy Carr in three at Atlantic City. Billy Randall won over Billy Gannon in the eight-round semi-final, and Al Little defeated Jack Stanley in the main prelim.

Benny Bass put the quietus on the championship aspirations of Jimmy Burns and started his return climb to the featherweight throne when he put Burns to sleep with a volley of blows in the first minute of scrapping at the Northside, Atlantic City.

Danny Toomey, Camden bantam, gave Matty White a boxing lesson in the semi-final to the Cabana-Micheals fracas. Joe Spearing and Patsy Carlo slugged through six hectic rounds in the best contest of the evening.

Willie Edwards is scouting around for opponents for his two battlers, Little Bear, the Montana cave man, and Young Fitzsimmons. Fitz recently returned from Australia where he appeared in a score of bouts.

In a fight for the lightweight championship of South Jersey, Roxie Allen Scored over Mickey Blair in eight rounds. It was a colorless contest. In the semi-final Joe Spearing beat Patsy Carlo in a slugging match. Bob Zimmerman and Frankie Burns fought a tough six-round draw.

Stewart Guest, who created havoc among local flyweights when he cleaned up Jack Stanley, Terrible Pine, Eddie Carroll and a few others, has taken on enough weight to step into the bantamweight class.

Freddie Tooley, Camden lightweight, who has met such battlers as Joey Michaels, Paul Winkie, Paulie Walker, Eddie Barton, Phil Roselli and Red Grange, and recently knocked Ray Bogash, Jimmy Hart and Joey Mannix, wishes to add to his kayo list by meeting any of the leading lightweights.

Jack "Manslaughter" Rozier, the Senegambian Giant, kayoed Al Hunt, New York negro, in three rounds at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, Rozier stands 6 feet, 6 inches, weighs 230 pounds, black as midnight, and carries a chip on his shoulder for any heavyweight.

Charley DeAngelo is sporting a brand new addition to his stable. Johnny Okey, the Trenton "Cobble Thrower," is under the wing of the dapper Chass.

Scotty MacDonald, the fighting Highland lad, laid aside the bag-pipe and kilties long enough to slip the skids under "Reds" McCormick of New Orleans at the Centreville, Maryland.

Harry Blitman, the featherweight from Philly, kayoed Jack Daley in three rounds in the Milk Fund show at Atlantic City. Eddie Reid beat Harry Scott in the semi.

There will be two boxing clubs this winter in Camden. The new promoter will have a larger arena, seating 5,000, is Ben Paul.

Benny Bass knocked out Tony Russo of Pleasantville after 45 seconds of fighting in the second round. Sammy Novia won over Eddie Law of Philadelphia in eight rounds.

Bill Higgins is now the promoter and matchmaker in Camden.

Jimmy Buckley of New York has leased the big Atlantic City Speedway for a number of fighting shows. The first one will be held on Labor Day with Pete Nebo and Dominick Petronne

AROUND NORTHEASTERN OHIO
By FRED K. SCHULLER

SAMMY TUCKER, Akron flyweight, donated twelve pounds to Willie Smith, Johannesburgh, Africa, in a hectic affair at Johannesburgh, Aug 4, and had the better of the scrap for six rounds. In the sixth, Sammy broke his hand but continued the fight until the tenth, when the referee stopped the fight.

Joe Basco, one of Akron's leading promoters, wants a good featherweight, bantamweight and a good lightweight, as he hopes to send five boys over to Australia late in September for five fights each. Any boys wishing to make a trip get in touch with Joe at Barberton, Ohio.

Benny Burns, sensational Akron lightweight, and Leo Genet, Barberton, fought a sensational fifteen-round battle at Johannesburgh and have been booked by promoters for another setto.

Frankie Wine and K. O. Christner may get into the same Akron ring for a battle if Suey Welch can get the two together. According to the dope from Akron, Christner claims that Wine is too small for him. Wine, you know, is the light heavyweight champion of Africa, and not such a small man.

Dizie La Hood, Akron featherweight, beat Mutt Snyder at Louisville, Ky. At Akron he beat Pete Nebo. Promoter Suey Welch is anxious to get the youngster back into an Akron ring, as he proved popular. Basco, La Hood's manager, wants Eddie Shea for his man.

Mickey Doyle, hard hitting Akron featherweight, is on his way to Johannesburgh where he will meet Willie Smith in the first of a series of three matches with South African battlers.

From Canada I hear that Alex Hart, a favorite with the Ohio ring fans, is claiming the welter crown.

Hart certainly deserves consideration for the title, having licked Joe Dundee twice, fought a draw with Benny Leonard while Leonard was in his prime, and at one time fought nineteen fights in twelve weeks for eighteen wins and one draw, but one can't get away with claims nowadays.

Johnny Piai, Greenville, Pa., scrapper, was stopped by Johnny Freeman of Bradford in six rounds. He was saved from an honest to goodness knockout in the sixth round by the referee stopping the fight.

The Bud Gorman-Andy Seifert match scheduled for Canton proved a frost in that both men refused to appear before the small crowd.

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In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Will increasing height injure my health?

A.—No.

Q.—I would like to become a boxer. Would a year and a half in the Maine woods do me any good?

A.—Would not do you any harm.

A Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 ft. 9 in., 138 lbs. Am I under weight? Could I train in a basement? How can I become an amateur?

A.—Weight is sufficient. Basement training inadvisable. Register with A. A. U. officials in Chicago.

A Ring Reader, Nova Scotia, Canada

Q.—What do Dempsey and Tunney weigh?

A.—At present Dempsey, 200; Tunney, 194.

Q.—What are the measurements of Benny Bass, Bud Taylor, Tony Canzoneri and Gene Tunney?

A.—5 ft. 3½ in., 126; 5 ft. 6 in., 126; 5 ft. 5 in., 126.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—What is Joey Sangor's nationality? Sgt. Sammy Baker?

A.—Baker German-American; Sangor, Jewish-American.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 ft., 100 lbs. What will my height be at 17?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 3 in.

Franco Apollo, Canal Zone

Q.—What is the correct way to sleep?

A.—Lie on the right side. Use pillow or sleep without one. Many think latter better. Buy copy of "How to Train." Price, $1.00.

Q.—Does a big wrist denote a hard punch?

A.—No.

John Ehmer, Flushing, N. Y.

Q.—Has strength anything to do with the hitting power of a man?

A.—Not unless the full weight is behind the blow.

Sidney Levithan, N. Y. C.

Q.—At what age should I start seriously to box?

A.—At 15 or 16, learn the rudiments; no hard contests until 18 or 20.

Q.—How can I protect my face after coming out of a clinch?

A.—Do not clinch; if opponent clinches have referee call attention to rule: "No hitting on the break."

Coot Dixon, Millinkin, La.

Q.—I am 140 lbs., 18 years old. How much will I weigh at 23?

A.—Should weigh 160.

A Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is 15 years too young to enter amateur ranks?

A.—No.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 6¾ inches tall, 117 lbs. What class would I be in?

A.—Bantam. Get a copy of "How to Train," issued by RING. Price, $1.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—I have a pigeon chest. Is it safe for me to engage in boxing bouts?

A.—Yes, but perfect a good body defense.

Teddy Miller, Alberta, Canada

Q.—Who would win a Jack Delaney-Tommy Loughran bout?

A.—Loughran would win.

Q.—Who are the three greatest lightweights of all time?

A.—Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, Benny Leonard.

Q.—Which of the past heavyweight champions do you consider Tunney's superiors?

A.—In their prime, Corbett, Fitz., Jeff, Johnson, Dempsey.

Adolph Skarz, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is it o. k. to start developing muscle when you are 15 years old and weigh 105 lbs.?

A.—Bulging muscles inadvisable as you may become muscle bound. Work lightly and keep muscles flexible. Get a copy of "How to Train," issued by RING. Price, $1.

Q.—How can you expand your chest?

A.—Deep breathing and bending exercises. Get copy of "How to Train."

H. McAshan, Glendale, Cal.

Q.—Who was Jere Dunn?

A.—Jere Dunn was a saloonkeeper in Chicago, and also managed fighters. He is the man who fatally shot Jimmy Elliott in Chicago in 1883.

Jim Dunn was born in Ireland in 1842, and on arriving in America made Brooklyn his home and became noted as a heavyweight fighter. He defeated Jimmy Elliott and Bill Davis. Later in life he was prominent in Brooklyn politics. He died many years ago.

Karl Mauch, Carthage, Ohio

Q.—How was Mike Schreck rated in his time?

A.—Third rater.

Q.—Who was winning the Sharkey-Dempsey fight before Sharkey was knocked out?

A.—Sharkey was leading on points.

W. N. Chronister, Bowling Green, Ky.

Q.—Was Jack Dempsey ever knocked out? By whom? Where?

A.—On Feb. 13, 1917, Dempsey was stopped in the first round by Jim Flynn. Dempsey has intimated that he took a dive. In the following year Dempsey stopped Flynn in the first round.

Joseph Scott, New York City

Q.—How old is Monte Munn? His height, weight, reach?

A.—Age, 23; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 200.

A Sincere Reader, Owosso, Mich.

Q.—What are the records of Tunney, Dempsey and Delaney?

A.—Buy Everlast and Andrews guides from Ring office.

Oscar Bustamante, Notre Dame, Ind.

Q.—What is Firpo's nationality? Was he fouled in his fight with Dempsey?

A.—Italian-Spanish parents. Dempsey used unfair tactics and violated rule forbidding the striking of a man, arising from a knockdown, until victim is on his feet.

Q.—What are Knute Hansen's measurements?

A.—6 ft. 4½ in., 208 pounds.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 175 lbs., 6 ft. 1 in. Will I ever reach 200 lbs.?

A.—Very likely.

Sam Langleben, London, England

Q.—Is Jack Gross a good heavyweight prospect?

A.—Promising, with an excellent record.

G. Winsky, Etna, Pa.

Q.—Are Jack and Pete Zivic brothers? Who is older?

A.—Brothers. Pete oldest, born in 1901. Jack in 1903.

Q.—Whom did Kid Williams win the title from?

A.—Williams knocked out Charley Ledoux, bantam champion of Europe in 15 rounds in 1913 and followed in 1914 by knocking out in 3 rounds Johnny Coulon, claimant of American title, thus giving the victor the title of world's champion.

Nathan Koft, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Benny Leonard ever fight Mickey Walker?

A.—No.

Q.—Did Loughran fight Risko? Result?

A.—Loughran won decision in 10 round bout at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 15, 1927.

Oscar Ross, Portland, Maine

Q.—Is it best to train with fresh air or not?

A.—Decidedly yes. Get "How to Train," issued by RING. Price, $1.

Q.—Where can I get a manager?

A.—Consult Frankie De Rice, Elks Club, Portland, Me.

Thos. V. McMahon, Burnham, Pa.

Q.—What date was it that Joe Jeannette fought Sam Langford and made him quit in the 7th round at Lawrence, Mass., on a Xmas afternoon? What was the full card?

A.—Dec. 25, 1905. Record of contest says Langford lost in 8 rounds. No record of supporting bouts.

Jack O. Gill, Cremainas, B. C., Canada

Q.—I am 5 ft., 15 years old, 90 lbs. What class would I be in at full growth?

A.—Probably bantam class.

Mickey Malick, Allentown, Pa.

Q.—What were the measurements of Joe Gans and Benny Leonard?

A.—Leonard, 5 ft. 5¼ in., reach 69 in., weight 135 pounds. Gans, 5 6¼ in., normal fighting weight, 135 pounds, but did 133 with trunks and shoes, for Nelson, reach 70 inches.

Q.—How many times did they defend their titles?

A.—Leonard won title by stopping Freddie Welsh in 1917, and fought hundreds of bouts up to the time he retired undefeated in 1925. His leading opponents were Charley White, Joe Welling, Richie Mitchell, Lew Tendler and Rocky Kansas.

Gans won title from Frank Erne by K. O. in the first round in 1902. He lost title to Battling Nelson in 1908. As there were not many lightweights in his day, Gans fought welters, including Joe Walcott, Mike Twin Sullivan, Jack Blackburn, et al.

A Reader, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Q.—What is Mike McTigue's real age?

A.—Mike says 36. Do not desire to question his veracity.

Q.—What heavyweight contender has the hardest punch?

A.—Dempsey if still in the field.

Q.—How many k. o.'s has Delaney to his credit?

A.—30.

Wallace Brown, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—Has Pinkey May championship possibilities?

A.—Not apparent as yet.

Q.—How are Lew Chester and Osk Till rated?

A.—Second raters.

Q.—Is Harry Kid Brown a good lightweight?

A.—Fairly efficient.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Was Jim Corbett ever knocked out in a brawl with a fireman in a show?

A.—No evidence to that effect.

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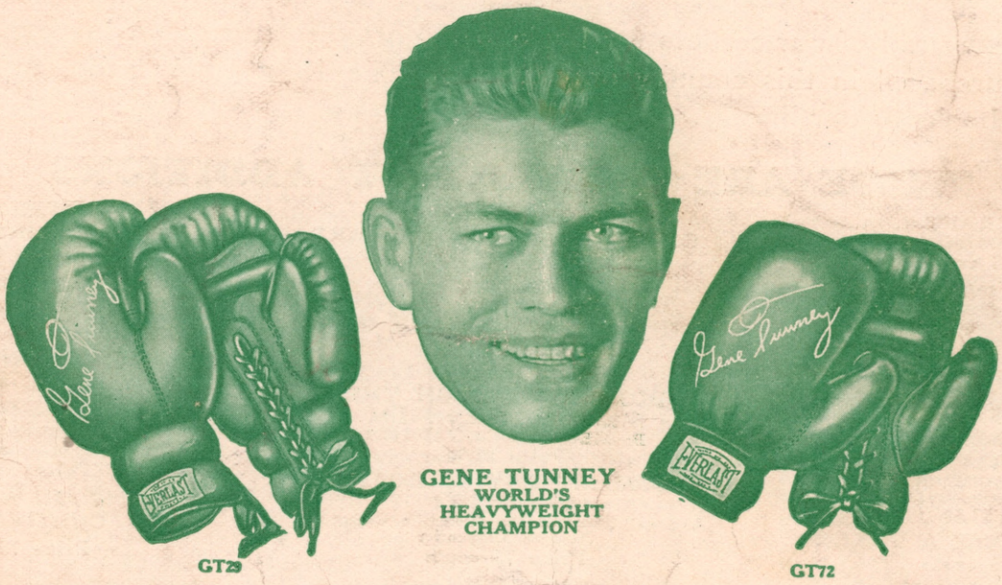

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